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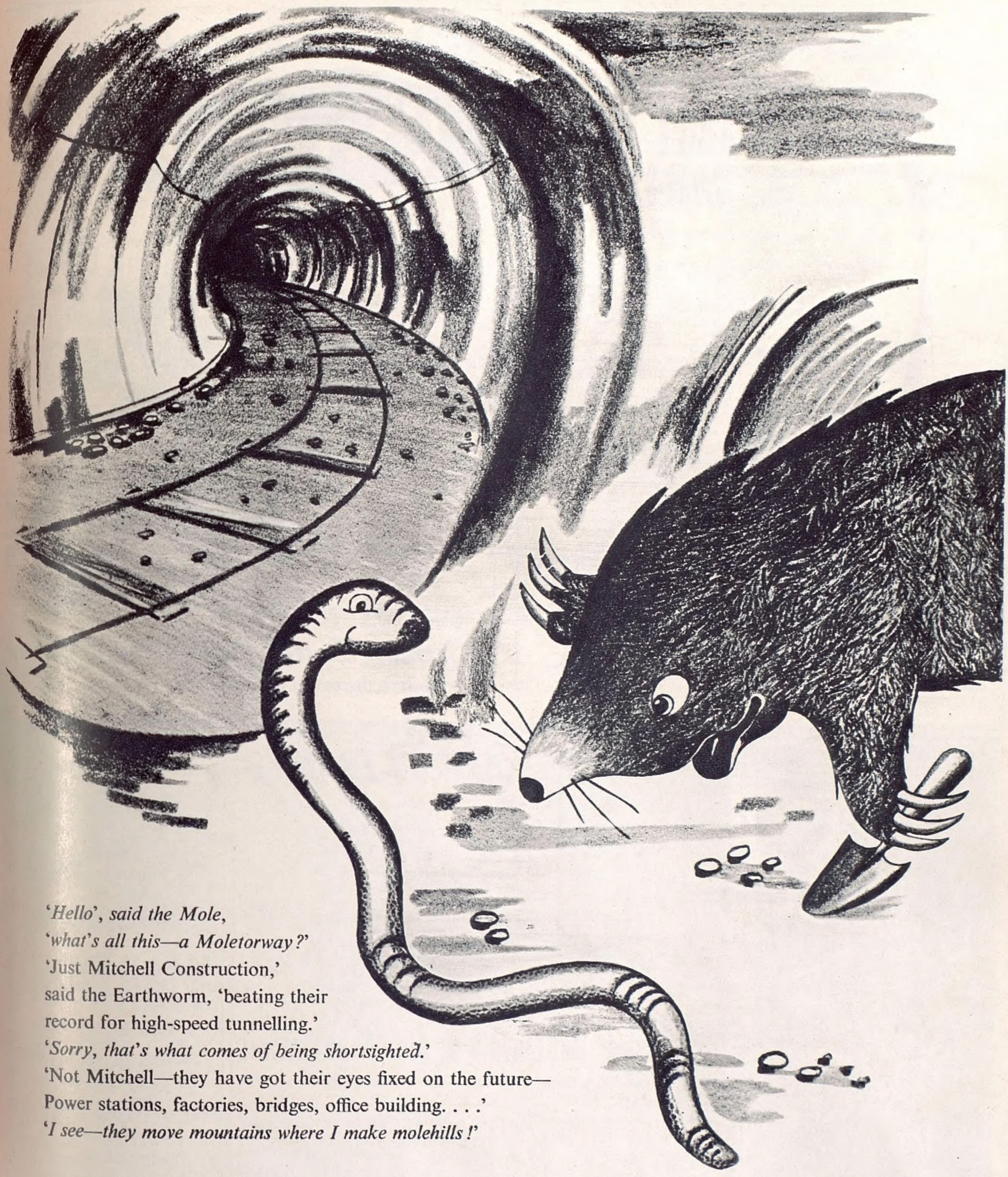

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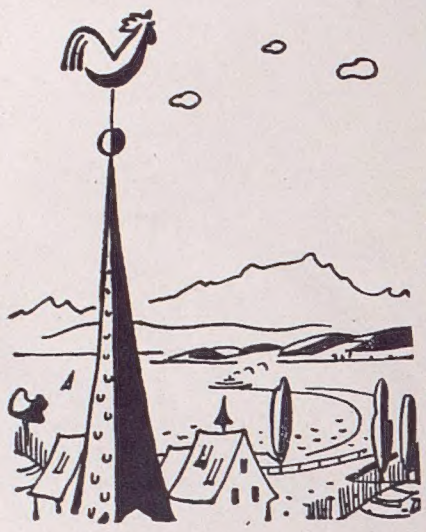

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Volume CCXLIV No. 3170

THE SPHERE

LONDON, March 4, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

Mr. Macmillan speaks at the National Conference of Young Conservatives in London. He was winding up the final session last Saturday. Referring to the crisis over the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Prime Minister called for patience and restraint and hit out at what he called " the moaners, the croakers and the faint-hearted " who, he said, " think they see the decline and fall of the British Empire. But what they are really witnessing, if only they had the eyes to see, is something wholly different—its rebirth." Among other Ministers who spoke were Mr. Duncan Sandys and Mr. Macleod. The Colonial Secretary was given a tremendous ovation and a resolution was passed welcoming his Central African policies which, contrary to certain reports, were understood to have complete Cabinet backing. This support for the Government's plans for Northern Rhodesia from younger elements in the Conservative Party was taken to offset the motion tabled in the Commons by nearly 100 Conservative M.P.s which is tantamount to opposing Mr. Macleod. Up to last Monday seven signatories had withdrawn their names. (See also pages 320-321)

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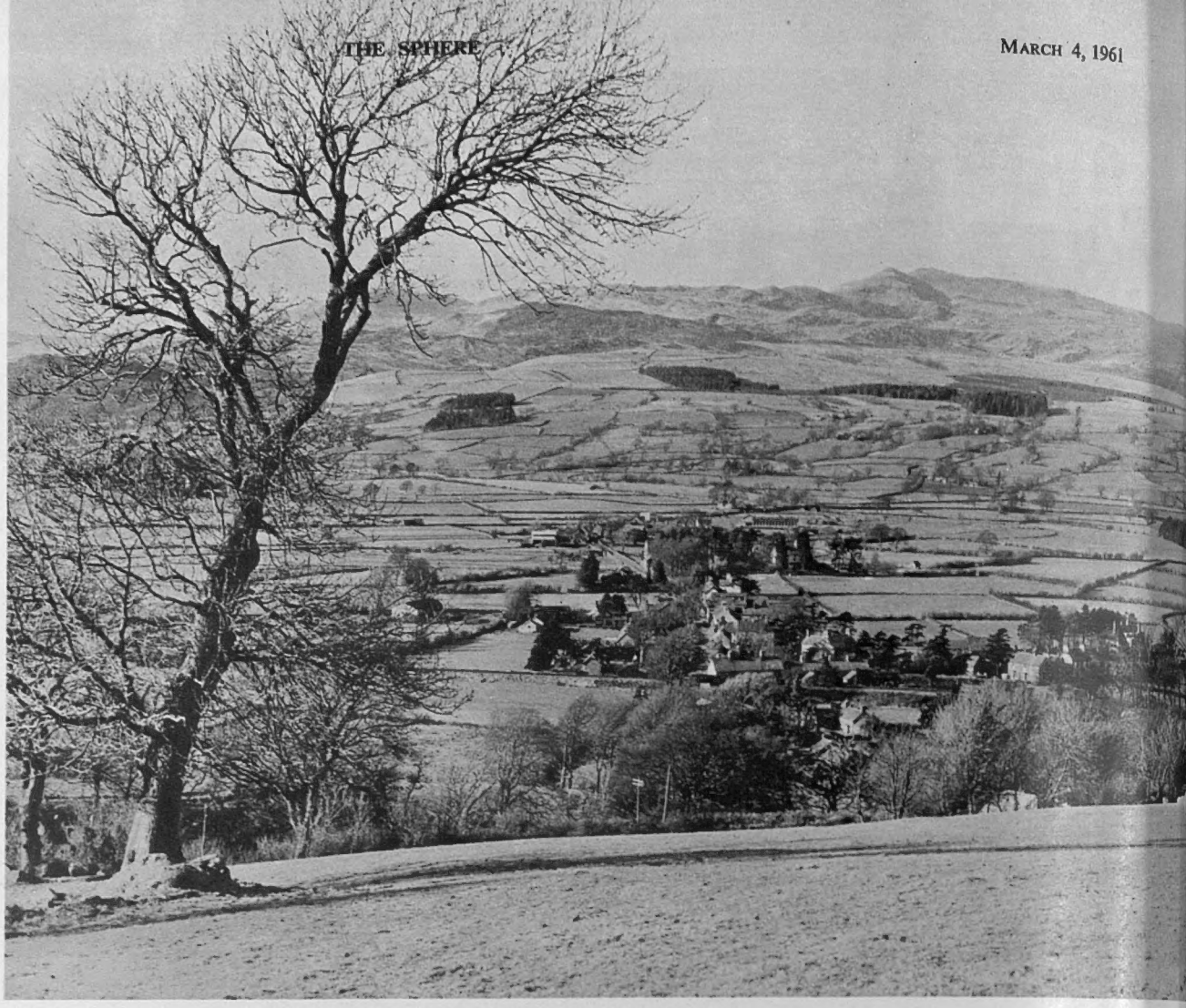


GLANLLYN ESTATE, IN SNOWDONIA NATIONAL PARK, MAY BE PURCHASED BY TENANTS

The view of Glanllyn Estate, in the Snowdonia National Park, shows the village of Llanuwchllyn in the centre. In 1946, 39,000 acres of the estate, which is mostly rough grazing and sheep walks, was accepted by the Government in lieu of death duties on the estate of Sir Watkins Williams-Wynn. It has been administered subsequently on behalf of the Minister of Agriculture. At the beginning of February, the Minister announced that he was willing to accept an offer by a consortium of tenants on the estate to buy a major part of the land from the Government. He hoped to hear to this effect within six months

Below right: M. Eyskens discusses the Government crisis at a Press conference held in Brussels. After a period of confusion last week, King Baudouin saw the Belgian Prime Minister and M. Lefebure, the Liberal Deputy Prime Minister, and announced that he had refused to accept the resignation of Liberal Ministers in the Cabinet; that Parliament was dissolved; and that general and provincial elections would be held on March 26. This meant that the Christian Social and Liberal Coalition would remain in power until the elections

THE BELGIAN PREMIER AT A PRESS CONFERENCE

Far right: At the Premier's temporary office in Admiralty House, Mr. Harold Macmillan is seen with the German Chancellor. Dr. Adenauer paid a two-day visit to London last week. During the talks, the first which had been held in London between the two leaders since 1959, the main matters to be discussed were the present state of east-west relations and economic affairs in Europe

MR. MACMILLAN AND DR. ADENAUER

At the Royal Palace in Amman, King Hussein (right) poses with his daughter, Princess Aliyah, during the celebrations of her fifth birthday. Left are the King's brother and sister, Prince Mohammed and Princess Basma

CELEBRATION BY THE JORDANIAN ROYAL FAMILY

Far right: At the Princes Theatre, London, Princess Margaret is presented with a bouquet by Marion Matshikiza, the daughter of the composer of the music of the African musical *King Kong*. Next to Miss Matshikiza are her mother and her young brother. Accompanied by Mr. Armstrong-Jones, Princess Margaret last week attended the European première of the musical. The occasion was in aid of the African Musical and Drama Trust

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE PREMIERE OF *KING KONG*

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE CARRIAGE PROCESSION THROUGH TEHERAN FOR THE STATE OPENING OF THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT

The state carriage of the Shah of Persia is seen by large crowds as it passes through the streets of Teheran, the Persian capital, followed by members of the mounted Imperial Guard. The Shah was on his way to deliver the inaugural speech at the formal opening of the new session of the Majlis (the Parliament). He was accompanied by his brothers, Prince Gholam, Prince Hamid and Prince Mahmoud

PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND MR. DIEFENBAKER

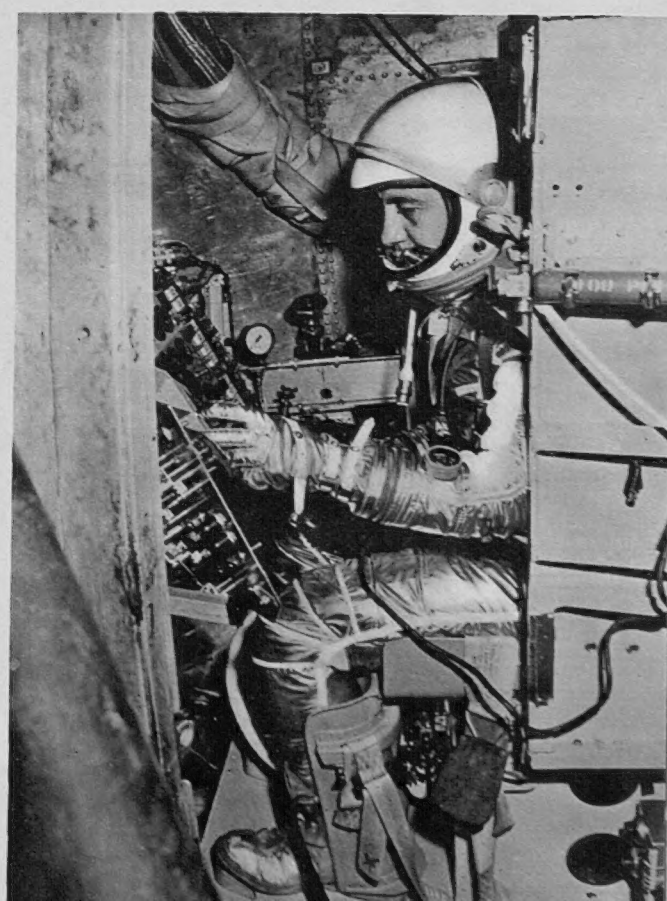
Below right: A cheerful moment in the White House is shared by President Kennedy and the Canadian Prime Minister. Mr. Diefenbaker arrived in Washington last week to review the general international situation with Mr. Kennedy. Among the specific points discussed were aspects of defence and security. The need for close U.S.-Canadian economic consultations was emphasised in a joint statement issued after the meeting. It was announced that a joint committee on trade and economic affairs of Cabinet rank would meet in Washington in March. Later, Mr. Pierre Salinger, the U.S. President's Press Secretary, said that Mr. Kennedy would visit Canada probably in May or early June

MR. MENNEN WILLIAMS IN KENYA

Far right: At Government House, Nairobi, Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor of Kenya (left), is with Mr. G. Mennen Williams, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. During a journey covering thirteen African countries, Mr. Williams spent two days in Kenya. He was taken on a tour of agricultural projects in the Embu area at the foot of Mount Kenya. During his visit Mr. Williams met a number of African Nationalist leaders. He expressed his support for nationalist aspirations in Africa

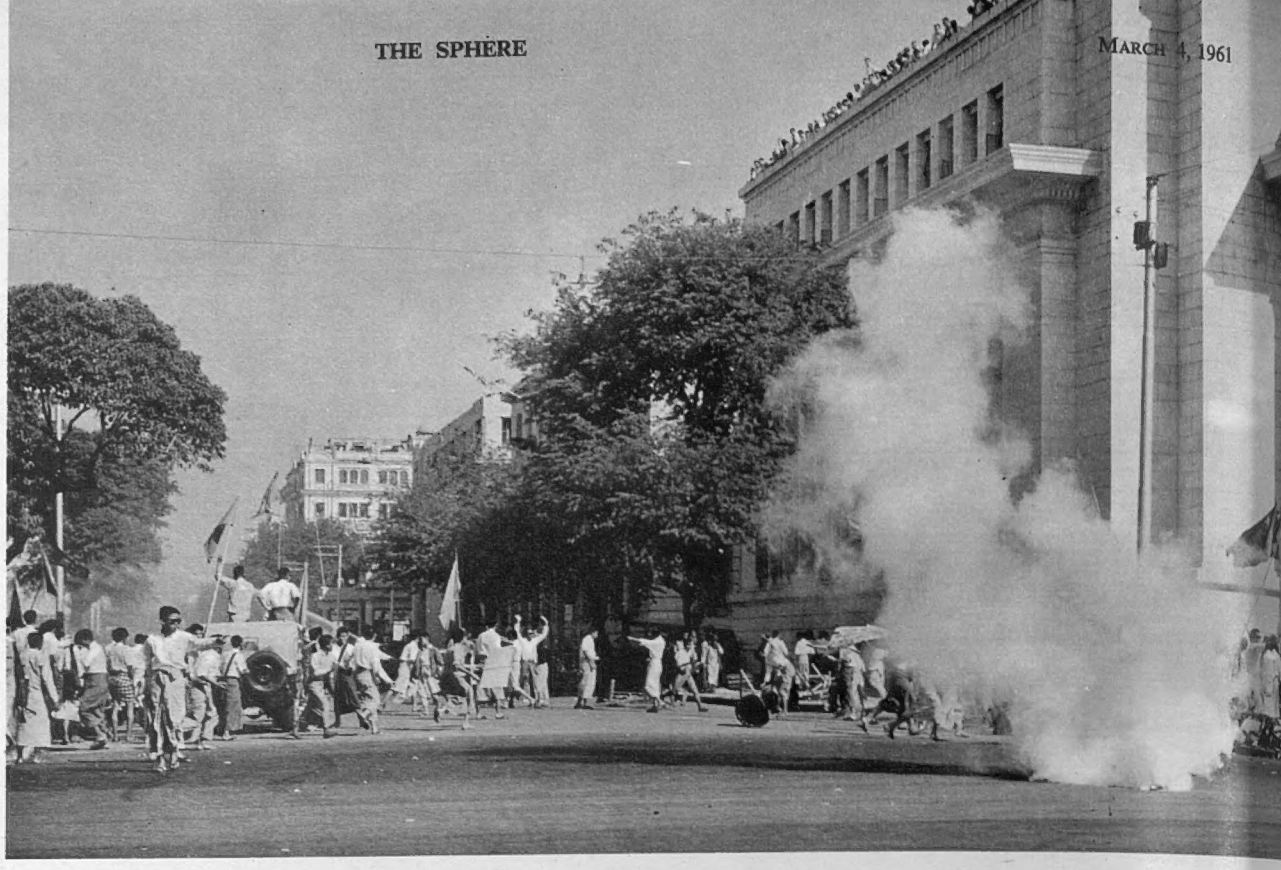
ON A SHORT LIST FOR SPACE

Commander Alan Shepard, of the U.S. Navy, lies on a plastic moulded couch during training for Project Mercury, the U.S. programme to fire a man into space. He is one of the three highly-trained astronauts from whom the first American to be fired into space is to be chosen in the next two or three months. **Far right:** Captain Virgil Grissom, U.S.A.F., checks his instrument panel before undergoing centrifugal tests. He is the second of the three on the short list. The third is Lieut.-Colonel John Glenn of the U.S. Marines. The announcement of the short list was made by Mr. Gilruth, director of Project Mercury, shortly after the successful launching and recovery of a capsule of the type which is to be used in the space programme



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Tear-gas bombs explode during demonstrations outside the U.S. Embassy in Rangoon. Burmese troops were called out to deal with a crowd, estimated at 10,000. Thirty-five rioters and three policemen were injured during hand-to-hand fighting. The demonstration was in protest against the supplying of U.S.-marked arms to Chinese Nationalist guerillas operating on the Burma-Thailand border. (These are Kuomintang supporters left behind when General Chiang Kai-shek was forced to leave the mainland.) U.S. officials started to investigate how the weapons reached the guerillas. A Nationalist Chinese spokesman in Taipeh denied that the arms had come from Formosa



A VIOLENT ANTI-AMERICAN DEMONSTRATION IN THE BURMESE CAPITAL

At the airport at New Delhi, Mr. Desai, Indian Minister of Finance (left), is with Mr. A. N. Kosygin, First Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union. During Mr. Kosygin's visit to India, an agreement was signed on six projects, including an oil refinery and a hydro-electric power station, to be financed by Russia and built under India's third five-year plan. A further demonstration of the Russian estimate of the power of the Afro-Asian bloc in world affairs has been shown by President Brezhnev's visit to Africa. **Far right:** At Accra Airport, the Soviet President shakes hands with a tribal chieftain at the beginning of his visit to Ghana

VISITORS FROM MOSCOW—MR. A. N. KOSYGIN IN INDIA AND PRESIDENT BREZHNEV IN GHANA

AMMUNITION IS ISSUED TO TERRITORIALS IN A CAMP NEAR LUSAKA

A VEHICLE OF THE RHODESIAN ARMOURED CAR REGIMENT IN BULAWAYO

Having turned down the British Government's plan for Northern Rhodesia (News Summary, opposite page), Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, called up four battalions of the Federal Territorial Army. In support of Sir Roy, five Northern Rhodesian Ministers belonging to his United Federal Party resigned their offices. There were reports that Sir Roy himself might ask for a dissolution of Parliament and call for an election to decide whether the Federation should become independent. Some of the African leaders, on their return from the abortive constitutional conference in London, declared that although they opposed the Macleod proposals they would side with Britain if it came to a showdown with Sir Roy. "We believe," said one of them, "the British Government is the lesser of two evils." In spite of the rebuke administered to the Federal Prime Minister for his attitude by Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, it was believed he might be invited to have "last-hope" talks with Mr. Macmillan before the forthcoming Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference

NEWS SUMMARY

Khrushchev v. Hammarskjold—a new round opens; the cause of the Rhodesian crisis; hopes for an Algerian settlement; disagreements over Laos

INTERNATIONAL

Mr. Khrushchev sent a letter to sixty-six Heads of Governments last week in which he continued his attack on Mr. Hammarskjold. The Soviet Prime Minister called for the formation of an African Commission on Congo, somewhat on the lines advocated a fortnight ago by President Nkrumah. But the main purpose of the Soviet Prime Minister's letter was undoubtedly to carry a stage further his war against the United Nations Secretary-General. A few days earlier a Russian attempt in the Security Council to oust Mr. Hammarskjold had been heavily defeated. Indeed, he was given fuller powers on Congo, including the right to resort to force as the last resort to prevent civil war. Under the terms of the Charter the duty of the Secretary-General is to carry out instructions and resolutions agreed by the United Nations. So, in attacking Mr. Hammarskjold, Mr. Khrushchev is in effect aiming at the entire organisation of the United Nations as at present constituted.

As a counter to Mr. Khrushchev's activities, President Kennedy sent Mr. Averell Harriman, his Ambassador-at-Large, on a tour of Western Europe this week. His first stop was **London,** where he saw Mr. Macmillan, on Monday. He was to go on to **Paris, Bonn** and **Rome.**

A consequence of the Congo troubles was the breaking off by Belgium of diplomatic relations with the U.A.R. After the murder of Mr. Lumumba, the Belgian Embassy in **Cairo** was sacked and set on fire by a mob. According to spokesmen in **Brussels,** the United Arab Republic Government refused to apologise for the incident.

GREAT BRITAIN

On three occasions last week the House of Commons sat until between 4 a.m. and 5 a.m. As a result, questions were tabled asking for beds to be provided in the Palace of Westminster for M.P.s. (This was done during the 1945-51 Labour Governments at times when the Conservative Opposition was keeping up the type of sustained attack which the Socialists are now emulating.)

Both the major parties continued to be divided within their own ranks. The Conservatives were split on Central Africa and Labour on Defence. Week-end speeches by Labour spokesmen indicated that the statement on defence issued by the Party's special committee of twelve had done little to heal the breach. The Government's Defence White Paper was to be debated in the Commons on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

At Lancaster House, in London, preparations were being completed for the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference which starts next Wednesday (March 8).

RHODESIA

The cause of the current crisis is the British Government's plan for a new constitution for Northern Rhodesia. This was announced last week. It envisages a Legislative Council of forty-five elected members, fifteen of them to be elected by voters on an upper roll; fifteen by those on a lower roll and fifteen by both rolls. (The Legislative Council at present consists of twenty-two elected members, fourteen representing predominantly European constituencies and eight from predominantly African areas. There are also eight official or nominated members.) The new upper roll would take in most of the present " ordinary " voters who must have high education, income or property qualifications. The lower roll would be a very considerable extension of what is now known as the roll of special voters and would enfranchise far more Africans than at present have the vote.

FRANCE

President de Gaulle and President Bourguiba of Tunisia met last Monday at **Rambouillet,** the French President's residence outside Paris. It was hoped that their talks would open the way for negotiations between the French Government and the Algerian Nationalists, which might end the six-year-old Algerian war. In Paris there was speculation that the French might as a gesture of goodwill, release, or at least ease, the confinement of Mr. Ben Bella and other Algerian Nationalists held in prison. Last summer preliminary discussions between French and F.L.N. representatives at Melun broke down.

During a lecture in Washington, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, the Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, shows plaster casts of part of the skull and jawbone representing what he described as the earliest man yet known to science. The finds were made in Olduvai Gorge, in Tanganyika and are of a child and an adult. Dr. Leakey stated they were considerably older than the 600,000-year-old " nutcracker man " (*Zinjanthropus bosei*). This was also unearthed in the Olduvai Gorge. The new finds, named the Pre-Zinj Man, were associated with rough stone implements. Some doubts have been expressed about the conclusions Dr. Leakey has drawn from his finds

The British freighter *West Breeze* was permitted to sail from **Casablanca** last Saturday. She had been held by the authorities who alleged her to be carrying aid from China to the Algerian Nationalists. It was understood no arms were found aboard the ship and that her cargo consisted mainly of medical supplies. A request for an explanation of the incident was made by Britain to the French Foreign Office.

MOROCCO

The death was announced in **Rabat** last Sunday of King Mohammed V at the age of fifty-one. He had postponed a visit to the Near and Far East to undergo what had been described as a minor nasal operation. After this had been carried out, the King's heart stopped beating. Immediately following the announcement of his death the Moroccan Cabinet met and invested the Crown Prince as King Hassan II.

Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef became Sultan of the then French Protectorate of Morocco at the age of seventeen. During the 1940's he emerged as a nationalist champion of independence for his country and lent his patronage to the nationalist Istiqlal party. In 1953, he was exiled by the French, but returned two years later when negotiations were under way for Morocco's independence. In 1957 he changed his title from Sultan to King. Last May, in the face of political confusion, he became Prime Minister as well. His difficulties sprang from the popular appeal of the Istiqlal Party and its left-wing group, the National Union of Popular Forces; both are anti-French and support the Algerian insurgents. It is generally considered that the new King, Hassan II, faces a difficult period in Morocco because of these political rivalries.

Last week-end saw the end of French military presence in Morocco. At the **Sale** air base near Rabat, the French High Command was ceremonially dissolved. All French forces were due to be withdrawn by March 2.

LAOS

There were reports of Communist opposition to King Savang Vatthana's plan for ending the civil war in his country. He proposed to invite a neutral Asian mission, consisting of representatives from Malaya, Cambodia and Burma, to visit Laos to find means of ending foreign intervention and setting up a broad-based government of right- and left-wing elements. This plan has been supported by Western Europe and the U.S. A spokesman in Communist North Vietnam denounced the scheme as a " new imperialist plan " designed to nullify the Geneva agreement guaranteeing Laotian neutrality. Newspapers in **Pekin** derided the plan. It was reported that both Cambodia and Burma had refused to participate. The Soviet Union has favoured the convening of an enlarged Geneva Conference.

The antagonism in Laos between Prince Boun Oum's right-wing Government and the rival Cabinet, set up in the Northern Provinces by the Pathet Lao and Captain Kong Lae's left-wing forces, has been fanned by accusations of Chinese Nationalist infiltration. There were reports that Kuomintang remnants in Burma were being allowed into Laos to fight against the Pathet Lao. Western observers have discounted these reports. (During Burmese and Chinese Communist operations against the Kuomintang in Burma, Chinese nationalist troops fled in considerable numbers into Laos.)

ISRAEL

The political crisis seemed no nearer a solution last week-end. Mr. Ben-Gurion, who resigned last month, made repeated attempts to form a coalition. But all five of the parties which had been in coalition with the Prime Minister's party, Mapai, refused to join a new one. It was reported that the Mapai's central committee decided that there would have to be a general election and that their candidate for the Premiership would be Mr. Ben-Gurion. Attempts to patch up the long crisis have been made even more urgent by fears of election campaigning clashing with the trial of Adolf Eichmann, to be held in **Tel Aviv** from April 11. The three judges appointed to comprise the special court are all lawyers who left Germany in 1933, the year Hitler came to power.

In Calcutta, the Queen presents the Queen Elizabeth Cup to Mrs. Bilimoria, owner of the winning horse, and, **right:** attends a reception with the Duke of Edinburgh at the Turf Club

At Durgapur, West Bengal, employees at the vast Government-owned steel works line the road as the Queen arrives by car at the start of her visit to the plant

During her stay in Bangalore, capital of Mysore State, the Queen visits the 150-year-old Bible Society of India and Ceylon to receive a copy of the Hindu translation of the Bible

The Royal Tour

INDIAN JOURNEY

In Bangalore's Lal Bargh Gardens, Queen Elizabeth inspects a garland of flowers

Right: The Mayor of Madras presents a bouquet to the Queen on her arrival at Bangalore airport. In the centre is the Maharaja of Mysore, Governor of the State

JOHN CONNELL

UP-COUNTRY ELECTION IN KENYA

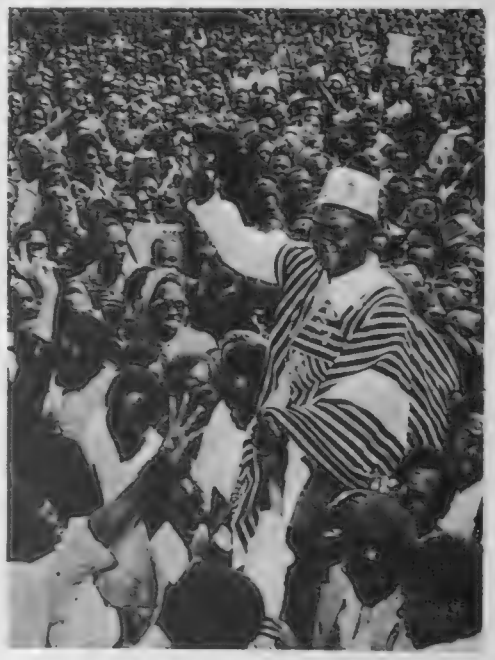
It was late in the afternoon by the time we caught up with the candidate and his attendant group. All electoral campaigns are dotty. Kenya's elections, into which I plunged myself between the primaries and the common roll contests, had an air of sombre, near-tragic fantasy such as I have never encountered before, and hope never to meet again. Less than twelve hours after I had left London I was in the thick of it; within twenty-four I was a zealous and dedicated participant.

We travelled through a whole sun-burnished day to find the candidate. This was not because he was in a particularly remote region, but because the car, once it had freewheeled down the escarpment, boiled every ten minutes. We limped and bubbled into Nakuru at about three in the afternoon. The little town was held in Sunday slumber. The grass on the Sports Club cricket field was burned a dull brown, across which green birds strutted.

We transferred to a farm truck and went up into the hills candidate-hunting. The sweater that had seemed a futile gesture in Nairobi, early in the morning, and a worse burden than the grasshopper on the baked floor of the Rift Valley at noon, became a necessity. The country took on a settled, almost a cosy air. There were deep, well-tilled combes, that had more than a hint about them of the West Country. The houses were stone, windows were mullioned. Only the yellow-brown lawns were reminders of the worst drought that Kenya has known in years. And the dust of the unmetalled roads. The election fever was on. Car after car swung past—station-wagons, most of them crammed to the doors with clamorous voters, and heavily bedaubed with K.A.N.U. (Kenya African National Union) posters—and the dust thickened on my clothes, my suitcase, my hair and my eyelashes.

We met the candidate's agent, an agreeable youth with a large, fast car and a very firm hand-clasp. He could take us on to meet the candidate himself. We climbed higher and higher, into a greener, steeper landscape—8,000, 9,000 ft. up, with a fierce nip in the afternoon air. I thought wistfully of the tweed jacket which it had seemed madness to pack, which therefore hung in its cupboard thousands of miles away. In a cup-like glade in thick woods, for all the world like the exiled Duke in *As You Like It*, we found the candidate: Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, formerly Speaker of the Kenya Legislative Assembly. He is leader of the Kenya Coalition Party, which won a 78 per cent. victory in the January primary elections, thereby demonstrating overwhelmingly (in my view) its right to represent the European minority in the new Legislature. Under the fantastic electoral procedure devised, with extraordinary complications, by Professor Mackenzie of Manchester University, it was being compelled to fight all over again in those common-roll constituencies in which it had held less than 75 per cent. of the total votes previously polled.

Sir Ferdinand had defeated Mr. Michael Blundell, in this Rift Valley constituency, by slightly under 2 per cent. of the requisite 75 per cent. Now on the common roll he had to seek the suffrage of some 23,000 African voters, the overwhelming majority of whom had not the remotest idea of any form of democratic process.



Mr. Tom Mboya, General Secretary of the Kenya African National Union, is chaired by his supporters at an election rally in Thika

I had walked into the middle, not of a pastoral comedy, but of a sombre, tragic farce played out in this majestic, incomparably beautiful setting. Sir Ferdinand was canvassing the African vote, largely by a series of small, intimate meetings, travelling vast distances every day to speak to gatherings of thirty to sixty at a time.

A table and three chairs had been placed at the bottom of the cup; Sir Ferdinand, his host—a youthful, Kenya-born European farmer—and his interpreter, who was a slight, handsome Kikuyu in his early twenties, were at the table. Ranged up one side of the cup, sitting and lying easily on the brushwood, were about thirty Africans—farmworkers, herdsmen, carpenters, tractor drivers—some of them in their Sunday best, some in working clothes.

I have never listened to a more impressive or more extraordinary election meeting. Quietly, in short, easy, informal sentences, Sir Ferdinand told this little group of country folk who he was, why he was there, why he asked for their votes, and how he meant to serve them and the country as a whole. The young Kikuyu, who was obviously deeply sympathetic to mood and atmosphere, translated in the same grave, relaxed and conversational tone. The audience listened with a solemn, gentle intensity. The scene had great beauty, great sadness and great strangeness.

The speech itself was unique in all my electoral experience. It was the simplest, most straightforward truth. There were no frills, no easy promises, no pledges, no heroics and no homilies. C.-B., as every one of his European supporters and helpers call him, is an astonishing man. He is in his early seventies, he has lived and worked in Kenya all his life. He is tall, handsome, tranquil, humorous and wise. His voice is gentle, and he is very courteous. He is a man to love, to admire and to follow. There is an unselfconscious air of utter integrity about him. He has assumed, out of a sense of duty and a quiet, resolute repugnance at the hideous outrage that is being done his country, an immense and intolerably unwelcome burden. With the voting machine rigged against him by as cunning a piece of official gerrymandering as it is possible to imagine, with blatant bribery obvious to the newest arrival in the country (such as myself), this decent, brave, honourable, very tired man had, a fortnight before the polls, little hope of victory—only his strong conscience and his tenacity of will.

What he has been doing has been barely reported, and not in the slightest understood, in London. What he stands for has been distorted and misrepresented. This campaign of his was being conducted less than a hundred miles from Nairobi; it was crucial to the future of the country. But who in London thought it worth the flicker of a complacent eyebrow? Who in London knew or cared that in order to represent the two opposing candidates, Mr. Michael Blundell and Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, animal symbols had been devised and handed out by lot? Mr. Blundell's was a giraffe, C.-B.'s a rhinoceros. The very idea of a picture was strange to the majority of the electors; to draw a cross beside one or other picture was a difficult and puzzling idea and one with slightly sinister associations, because when the bwana marks up a man's pay-book, he makes a cross in it if the man has been absent without excuse, or drunk, or in debt, or involved in a quarrel. The rhinoceros I have come to think of as the embodiment of tragic courage. The cross on a voting paper will henceforth be for me a sickening travesty—the expression of callous political and bureaucratic folly, and the omen of economic and social disaster.

Were there any questions? There were no questions, but one old herdsman, in a battered khaki greatcoat (infantry pattern, World War I), took off a shapeless black hat, stood up and discoursed solemnly. "He tells Sir Ferdinand," said the interpreter, "that he is an honest bwana. He speaks the truth. He does not say one thing with one side of his mouth this day, and another thing with the other to-morrow. He is very happy for Sir Ferdinand."

There was clapping and smiling, and waving of hats. We turned the cars in the rutted lane and drove off to another meeting, at another farm several hundred feet higher up the hill. A green, well-watered lawn sloped to a hedge and pastureland, a steep combe with a stream at the bottom, and beyond, mile upon mile of woods and tilled land, rolling away into the clear evening light. Above the farthest hill, rain clouds gathered, but westwards the sky was luminous. Sheep called. A big herd of Ayrshires went to milking round the edge of the home pasture. We sat on the grass on the lawn's edge, facing a similar kind of audience, with some lean, rangy boys added, and a group of city slickers in smart suits, fine shirts and glossy silk ties. On the other side of the combe, sheep called on the hill. The bees were still at the lupins in the flower-beds.

The edge of the shower brushed us as C.-B. made his speech. The drops spattered the caking of dust on my shoes. There was the same patient, absorbed attentiveness to the same simple, austerely honest address, which was only a man speaking simply and wisely to a few other men. The city slickers fingered their rolled-up newspapers and said nothing. One young man—the barman from the local club, my host whispered—asked the inevitable question about Jomo Kenyatta. He got a truthful, uncompromising answer. One or two of the older men nodded their approval. The city slickers looked inscrutable; their leader polished his dark glasses and led them off to his station-wagon.

"They 're not a bad lot," said C.-B., "though there 's a cornerboy or two. But you should see my forest squatters, 12,000 of them. They 're going to be brought down to the polls by Government transport. Which way d 'you think *they 'll* vote? You should have heard me trying to get my ideas into their heads. Ah well, such is democracy."

Thus it happened that I talked with King Arthur on a mountainside in equatorial Africa—a brave man, in a dark and lonely hour.

Seated in the cockpit of his English Electric Lightning aircraft is Squadron Leader J. F. G. Howe of No. 74 Squadron, R.A.F. Fighter Command, at Coltishall in Norfolk. Informally known as the Tigers, the squadron is the first in Fighter Command to be equipped with Lightnings, all-weather day- and night-interceptors, which are capable of speeds in excess of Mach 2 (1,400 m.p.h.). They are the first Mach 2 fighters to enter operational service with the R.A.F. and are equipped with de Havilland Firestreak air-to-air guided weapons. Squadron Leader Howe is the second South African to command 74 Squadron—during 1940-41 it was led by Squadron Leader "Sailor" Malan. In under three minutes the Lightning can reach heights greater than the highest achieved in the Battle of Britain.

FIRST WITH LIGHTNINGS

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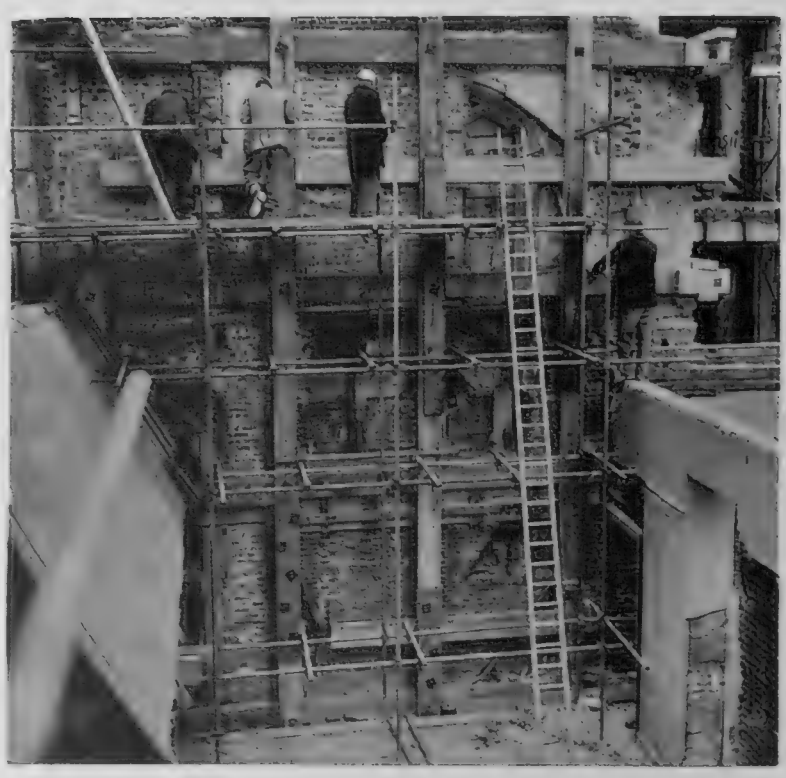
A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

THE BRITISH JURY. The jury system of trial is very old and generally believed to originate in the Frankish Inquest, introduced into England by the Normans. In criminal trials, at any rate, its merits have never been widely challenged. For centuries it was our bulwark against aggression by the Crown or Ministers; but that bulwark is obviously less needed to-day, and even in criminal trials, although judges have never desired sole responsibility, the jury system has been sometimes open to criticism. In theory, the jury is absolute as to matters of *fact*, but in practice it has never entirely been so. The judge constantly during a trial rules what is and what is not relevant evidence, what questions may or may not be put to witnesses, and, beyond this, in his summing-up, he usually sets forth his own views on the *logical bearing* on the jury's verdict of the evidence admitted in court. The judge, of course, is the sole arbiter in matters of law. As a humble amateur always interested in our legal system, I have of late sometimes wondered whether this grand old safeguard has been getting a little out of hand, alike in criminal and civil cases, and whether judges and public alike are beginning to think so, too. Our judges are meticulous in their summings-up to balance, with utter impartiality and without emphasis, the weight of the facts elicited, pro and con the accused or the parties in a civil action; but however impartial their direction, their own opinion of the logical verdict, to which those proven facts lead, is very often clearly hinted; and in recent months, alike in criminal and civil trials, juries have strangely disregarded such assistance in performing their acknowledged function as sole arbiters of facts. A jury of " twelve good men and women true " is representative of the average citizen. It is not expected to be specially intelligent or well-educated. It is expected to use plain common sense and, above all, to turn its mind from all outside influences, theories and fashions of thought, as it must also do from all matters outside the scope of the trial. If it ever came about that jurymen go beyond that narrow, strict brief and allow themselves to be swayed by their personal likes and dislikes on questions of the hour, the jury system in Britain will have had its day and its continuance will be a grave danger to British justice.



Part of the arch of a stone window and a section of brick wall (behind the ladder) have been revealed during reconstruction work on the Treasury. The discoveries are of the west wall of the Great Hall built by Henry VIII as an adjunct to Whitehall Palace for the Court's recreation and later converted into a tennis court

THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY. Private Members' Bills often interest me much more than public bills. The public bills get through to the Statute Book, little amended when Government majorities are large, and some of them, which amend the Criminal Laws, are deplorably mad and muddled. The Private Members' Bills are usually sensible and concentrate on a clear issue of reform, but those that are not talked out usually fall by the way after a first reading. There have lately been some quite interesting ones given a first reading, such as the reburial of Timothy Evans. This is a remarkable instance of Parliament seeking to set aside final judicial opinion. More hopeful of further examination is Lord Mancroft's *Right of Privacy* Bill, which, I feel sure, must have massive backing in Parliament, in the country and in judicial circles. It seeks to increase and strengthen a private person's rights and powers to obtain legal redress for unjustifiable intrusion into his privacy and publication of details of his intimate affairs. It means that, if the Bill became law, it will be a little more dangerous for sensational Press-sleuths to break into hospitals to " snap " patients who are in the news, to outrage the feelings of mourners at funerals, to snoop through drawn blinds. It might even restrict the outrageous impertinences of some of those political and social columnists who tot up the incomes of their week's victims and unearth their professional failures or matrimonial case-histories. I know there are very many obscure people who rather enjoy an hour in the limelight, even if it is a distorting and ugly light.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN

There is already an advance demand for the special, enlarged number of the Royal Tour, which *The Sphere* will publish on March 16. The issue will have a colour cover and editorial pages in colour of actualities of the tour, in addition to extra pages in black and white. Our own photographer is with the party and many pictures will be exclusive to *The Sphere*. To make sure of your copy of the enlarged Royal Tour number (price 4s.) orders should be placed NOW with any newsagent or bookstall, or direct by post (including postage, 4s. 6d.) with The Publisher, *The Sphere*, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

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The interior and concert organ and **right**: the exterior of Hyde Park Chapel in Exhibition Road, Kensington, London. It was dedicated last Sunday and is the first Mormon meeting-house to be built in London. The four-storey building has a six-storey tower surmounted by a tapering spire rising to a height of 131 ft. Total cost was £330,000. In Britain there are 20,000 members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and plans have been made to construct fifty new chapels in the next three years

I like to think there are many more who would rejoice if Lord Mancroft got his Bill through all stages. The best remedy is far too "long-term"—that offending editors and their reporters should win back to a sense of decency and civilised behaviour.

IT'S ONLY A GAME. The splendid Test match series in Australia has given a new lease of life to Test cricket, which was on its death-bed. Those two great sides—at the eleventh hour—showed that international cricket can still be played as a game and not as an international test of endurance and *casus belli*. They played for the fun of the game, to amuse themselves; and consequently they amused (and drew) record crowds and the money flowed in as quickly as the runs. When these happy results were known, the Lords were debating the Wolfenden proposals on more Government aid to national sport. I was glad to read that one noble Lord, at any rate, deplored the canonisation of star sportsmen in the Press and on TV. For I am very sure that this foolish adulation and ridiculous publicity have been among the prime causes in the decline of public interest in first-class cricket and in the temporary doldrums of Association football. Without a sense of humour and a sense of proportion on the part of those who play them, no games can long retain public interest. Star players are not mentally supermen. They easily succumb to flattery and hero-worship and see themselves as international figures whose every stroke or pass is breathlessly watched and weighed up by the watching world. They begin to see their little cricket ball or football as of the magnitude of a planet and themselves as world figures. If the coming Tests in England this summer are to carry on the great revival lately made in Australia, those lost senses of humour and proportion must be regrafted on the English players, and the best service which the sporting propagandists of the Press and TV can do to that end is to give up worshipping golden calves and to feature games and their players with less solemnity and religious awe, and to keep in reportage a sense of proportion and a lightness of touch which all forms of recreation deserve.

THE AGE OF LAWLESSNESS. When the social history of this unhappy decade is seriously considered by historians, they will agree that it was one of abnormal lawlessness and will surely devote a page or two to riots, protests and marches. Some of the reasons for these mass gestures are neither illogical nor unworthy. "Banning the bomb" deserves world-wide moral support, if it lacks the logic of practical politics here or there and *now*. We in Britain are not an illiterate or muzzled nation among the world's population and we possess the means to recruit public opinion by constitutional methods. Why does Bertrand Russell sit down on the pavement? Publicity is his hand-maid. He lives in the rarest limelight. He is acknowledged as one of the greatest living thinkers, philosophers and what-not. He writes trenchantly, frequently, lucidly, brilliantly, forcibly. If he takes the trouble, he can seek to "sway the assembly" in the Upper House. He has a noble moral cause to further. But, prone on the pavement, he becomes a pathetic figure. How thus does he profit the cause he has at heart? Or take the case of the rioters who disturbed the peace of a Sunday in London. It is not seriously suggested anywhere on earth that London had a hand in the murder of Lumumba or in the tragedy of the Congo, and there is no scintilla of evidence that the Belgian who occupies a house in Eaton Square fired the shot, if shot there *was* fired by a Belgian. Moreover, a great proportion of the Sunday rioters were coloured immigrants, perhaps celebrating the new guarantee by the Home Secretary that all are welcome to settle in peaceful Britain! Where is the logic in these gestures? What germ, what rottenness, in our generation leads us to imitate the senseless impatience of more primitive peoples and to reject the constitutional and effective means of recruiting majority opinion and enforcing it, which our superior culture and civilisation have won for us? Is it a case of *Vice Versa* which sends sober, British Mr. Bultitudes back to their private schools? Many of them, craving the limelight, would be as happy chanting "Banana, To-morrow" as "Lumumba, Lumumba."

"THE HUNDRED BEST." Surely the most ludicrous parlour game is that occasionally played by "literary men," listing the hundred or the dozen "best books" in world literature of all time or even in the output of fifty years in a single country. But the game goes on and is never laughed out of court, though the criterions never are and never can be set down. Taking only the "novel," can you without absurdity "seed" a dozen books of a literary form which "lumps" *Pride and Prejudice*, *Moby Dick* and *Wuthering Heights* under one definition? What makes a classic? The most likely criterion, I suppose, is *circulation over the longest period*. The reading public are the judges. What sort of "books" are to be included? Novels, poetry, biography, science? If you "lump the lot" issued in book form, is the decision to be one man's choice? If so, where is the man equally a master of novel-writing, poetry, science and biography? If the decision is to be left to anonymous millions of generations of readers, then the *Origin of Species* and *Robinson Crusoe*, The Bible and *Black Beauty*, Boswell's *Johnson*, and *Lorna Doone*, *War and Peace* and *The Wind in the Willows*, Shakespeare and *The Specialist* must all be in the list. The *Sunday Times*' literary team is having a stab at it now, and a very good symposium they will create in the correspondence column with their "greatest books of our time"—*The Golden Bough* and Saki's *Unbearable Bassington*, and other strange bed-fellows. It's all nice, clean fun, though I think the game is more appropriate to the Silly Season.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

DRAMA

THE DEVILS at the Aldwych

The latest work to go into the repertory of the Stratford-on-Avon company in London was specially commissioned from John Whiting. It is based on a book by Aldous Huxley, recounting a historical case of suspected diabolism in seventeenth-century France. The new play is a powerful and large-scale evocation of a tragic period of religious conflict and terror. A large cast is deployed through a number of swift scenes which have something of the pace and scope of Elizabethan drama. The story which is unfolded concerns the downfall of a handsome priest, Grandier. His amorous exploits reach the ears of the Prioress of a nearby Ursuline convent, Sister Jeanne. Her frustrated yearnings turn to hysteria which infects the rest of the convent. She names Grandier as the devil who has possessed her and he is tried, tortured and killed for commerce with the Devil. The horrifying, but moving, play is directed by Peter Wood, with sets by Sean Kenny.

In a scene from *The Devils*, Sister Jeanne (Dorothy Tutin), during her hysteria, seizes the cross from Father Barre (Max Adrian), watched by (left) Father Mignon (Donald Layne-Smith) and Father Rangier (David Sumner)

Prince Henri de Condé (Derek Godfrey) with his child; and **right**: Adam (James Bree) and Mannoury (Ian Holm)

Sister Jeanne of the Angels (Dorothy Tutin)

Father Grandier (Richard Johnson) instructs Phillipe Trincant (Diana Rigg) in Latin

THE CHANGELING

at the Royal Court

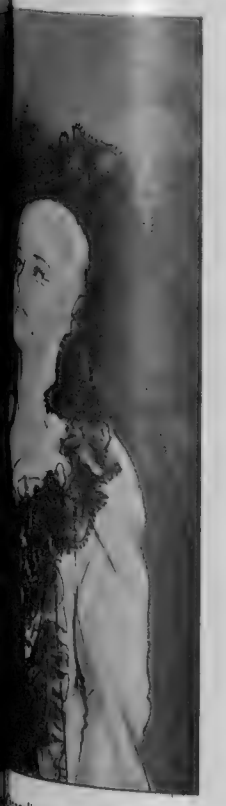
The bitter Jacobean disillusion with romantic love was out of favour on the English stage for many years. But this year, following the revival of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, come the first performances on the London stage for over 200 years of Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling*. The present production by Tony Richardson has been reset in the Spain of Goya. The story centres round Beatrice, betrothed to one lord but loving another, Alsemero. She commissions her servant De Flores to kill her betrothed. He does this, not for money but for his obsession for his mistress. His price is her body. The inevitability of her decline is played against a macabre sub-plot set in a mad-house.

The ill-fated heroine o

In this view of the set for Ibsen's tragedy are (top level) John Gabriel Borkman (Bernard Miles); Frida Foldal (Anne Castaldini); Vilhelm Foldal (Colin Ellis); and Ella Rentheim (Josephine Wilson); and (bottom) Gunhild Borkman (Freda Jackson); Erhart Borkman (James Bolam); Fanny Wilton (Pamela Ann Davy) and the Maid (Jacqueline Lacey)

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN at the Mermaid

The second from last play written by Ibsen (when he was sixty-eight), *John Gabriel Borkman*, is a sombre *exposé* of megalomaniac belief set in the claustrophobic atmosphere of life in a typical Ibsen family. Difficulties of staging the play at the Mermaid have been overcome by using a multiple set. Bernard Miles plays the once-great financier and his wife, Josephine Wilson, plays Ella Rentheim, the sister-in-law.



...geling, Beatrice (Mary Ure), with **left:** De Flores (Robert Shaw) and **right:** Alsemero (Jeremy Brett)

John Gabriel Borkman (Bernard Miles) and Ella Rentheim (Josephine Wilson)

THE COMMONWEALTH—

By **SIR GILBERT LAITHWAITE, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.,** Perma

The Commonwealth is a perpetual puzzle to our foreign friends. Even within the Commonwealth there are misunderstandings, doubt, speculations, about its structure, its function, why it holds together at all, what benefits membership carries—political, economic, defence, how it can hope to survive. The opening on March 8 in London of the tenth meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers since the war is perhaps a time in which to remind ourselves of the fundamental facts about this unique body, and to crystal-gaze about its future.

Its members—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya, Nigeria and, oldest of any, the United Kingdom—are all fully independent and, irrespective of size, wealth or population, fully equal States. None, great or small, can give an order to another. Membership includes countries which owe allegiance to the Sovereign as their Queen—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Nigeria; a Kingdom—Malaya; Republics—India, Pakistan, Ghana, while the Commonwealth countries have agreed in principle that Ceylon, when she becomes a Republic, shall remain within the Commonwealth; and the same issue falls to be faced in respect of South Africa at the forthcoming meeting.

The Prime Minister of the Federation of Central Africa, not yet a full and independent member of the Commonwealth, has by convention since the beginning attended the periodic meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. The interests of the Colonies, part of the Commonwealth in a wider sense, but not yet self-governing, are represented at the meetings by the Colonial Secretary. The Commonwealth has no rules, no written constitution: the periodic meetings of Prime Ministers, held so far by general agreement and for general convenience in London, have no agenda and reach no formal conclusions (save as regard additions to their number), though the " sense of the House " has in the past always clearly emerged.

The Prime Ministers who will sit round the table this month will be the representatives of countries with a population of some 650,000,000 people, of every race and religion, every form of government, widely differing languages, from every continent except South America.

What are the links that bind the countries that compose this gathering together? What benefits do they derive from membership? How do they reconcile their sharply differing points of view? Our puzzled friends abroad point to divergences over Suez, to the fact that some countries are as neutralist as others are non-neutralist, to the sharpness of feeling over apartheid and the colour question, to divergences of outlook over defence, Kashmir, the H-bomb, to arguments over tariffs and over economic issues. How, they ask, can a group as full of warring particles as the interior of a star, a group without constitution or rules, co-operate? Even if the Commonwealth has held together so far, can it be hoped that it will be able to continue to do so in face of ever-intensifying strains? These are fair questions, and what follows is an endeavour to answer them.

Sir Donald Anderson, chairman of the P. & O.-Orient Lines, stands with the winners of the P. & O. Canberra Award for the best young farmer in each Australian State. From left they are: K. S. Kelly (S. Australia); G. Blight (N.S.W.); R. W. Johnson (Victoria); Miss A. Rudduck (W. Australia); J. Bennett (Tasmania) and Miss H. Harris (Queensland). The Australians who have come to Britain as guests of the P. & O.-Orient Lines, to study farming methods and visit agricultural centres, were being entertained by the shipping firm in the Board Room of its offices in the City of London

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother talks with Mr. F. C. Grant who comes from Ghana, during her recent visit to the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Her Majesty is the Chancellor of London University, of which the School is part

The first, and most important, of the links which hold the Commonwealth together, and the only formal one, is Her Majesty the Queen. She is Queen of the countries that owe her allegiance. They, like all other members who owe no such allegiance, recognise Her Majesty as Head of the Commonwealth. And the flexibility of the Royal link (and the ingenuity of the lawyers) has, to take one example only, made it possible for the Kingdom of Malaya, though now an independent kingdom, to preserve a right of appeal, which it values, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Next, there is the tradition of respect for the rule of law, and the independence of the judiciary; for free speech and a free Press; for parliamentary institutions and the democratic ideal—all traditions inherited from this country, traditions which must inevitably be subject to modification in greater or lesser degree from time to time against the background of the now wholly independent countries which have accepted them.

There is the link of the English language—spoken in the newer Commonwealth countries perhaps only by a small minority, but by the governing and trading minority; and of cultural and political ideals derived from Britain: there is a common approach, broadly mutual, even if at times differences are sharp and real, broadly speaking mutual respect, and a readiness to co-operate and help.

Finally, there is a great deal of hard work. Tours, of the greatest importance, by the Queen and by members of the Royal Family; visits to and from the Commonwealth by Prime Ministers and Ministers and by officials; periodical gatherings, such as the Montreal Conference of 1958, and above all, the meetings of Prime Ministers: massive interchange of information on politics, economics, defence; and a wide and close range of consultation which ensures that even if agreement is not reached, the arguments on which, rightly or wrongly, other members have reached their conclusions are known. Flexibility and extreme freedom of speech, such as we would not use with our closest friends outside the Commonwealth, are distinguishing characteristics, and thanks to both, the tough fabric of the Commonwealth has hitherto stood all strains.

What are the positive advantages of the Commonwealth connection? Membership of this family, and the intimacy, buttressed by the frank talk and the exchange of material just mentioned, the political value of close association, particularly marked in the case of the less highly developed or wealthy countries, the hesitation that any would-be aggressor on the interests of one of the club would be bound to feel as to the reactions of the other members, are of great importance.

TS LINKS AND ITS FUTURE

nder-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, 1954-59

Every individual member of the Commonwealth—and this is as true of the U.K. as of any other—occupies a greater and a more significant position in the world because of that membership.

In the economic field, with the fullest acceptance of the great generosity of the U.S.A., there has been real and substantial help for the less highly-developed members from the older and wealthier Commonwealth countries. To take the contribution over recent years of the U.K. alone: apart from British private investment, we have given or agreed to give Governmental loans to India for her Second and Third Five-Year Plans totalling £110,000,000; and to Pakistan since 1953 £28,000,000 and grants of £20,860,000 in connection with the Indus Waters Settlement. Malaya has received grants of £29,000,000 on defence and emergency aid, and over £6,000,000 in respect of Colonial Development and Welfare balances and other aid. Nigeria, in addition to a loan in 1960 of £3,000,000, and Colonial Development and Welfare balances of £2,000,000, received a loan of £12,000,000 on independence. On independence Sierra Leone will receive a loan of £3,500,000.

As important to the less highly-developed countries as money, is technical know-how. Under the Colombo Plan technical assistance the U.K. alone had, up to June 1960, sent out 409 experts, received 3,257 trainees in this country, and spent £7,000,000 since the beginning of the Plan in 1951.

In the educational field the U.K. and other Commonwealth countries undertook a generous programme of help at the Oxford Conference of 1959. The U.K. contribution (£6,000,000 over 1960-65) is to cover 500 two-year scholarships mostly post-graduate, 400 one-year teacher training courses, and subsidies for 400 U.K. teachers overseas by 1965 while so far we have provided 351 teacher training bursaries and 175 post-graduate scholarships. Other Commonwealth countries have made generous provision, according to their circumstances, for both technical and educational help.

Lastly, 40 per cent. of the world's international trade is in sterling; nearly one-half of the whole Commonwealth trade is within the family, and in the case of the U.K. over one-third of the whole of our trade is with the Commonwealth.

It will be seen that both in the political field, in the wide sense, and in the economic, there is in addition to other links, a strong element of practical interest to reinforce the respect and admiration for the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth, and the bonds of sentiment that unite in particular the older Commonwealth countries, predominantly originally settled and developed from the U.K., with this country.

The question is sometimes asked whether the pace of advance to independence has been too fast, whether it would not have been wiser to have waited in certain cases until countries had built up trained administrators from their own peoples, and reached a significant point of industrial development. Much can be said on both sides. But the short point is surely that a country relinquishing control must choose between moving too quickly and sitting on the safety valve? Great risks may be involved either way. Broadly, there has been no reason so far to regret the decision taken.

The Queen arrives at the Warsak Dam, on the Kabul River, in Pakistan, not far from the frontier with Afghanistan. Second from the right is the Governor of West Pakistan, Amir Mohammad Khan. Pakistan's biggest hydro-electric project is being built with financial aid from Canada under the Colombo Plan. The dam is an example of the mutual assistance which frequently occurs between the Commonwealth countries

Mrs. Pandit, Indian High Commissioner, addresses the Teachers for Commonwealth Conference in London a year ago. With her are Mr. C. J. M. Alport (left), who was then Minister of State, Commonwealth Relations Office, and is now Lord Alport the United Kingdom High Commissioner to the Rhodesia-Nyasaland Federation; Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education and Alhaji Abdulmaliki, the Nigerian High Commissioner

What of the future? Can we hope that this unique structure will hold together? It is significant that, since 1948, no country save Burma, greatly strained by the war, and Eire, which is in a special position, have elected to leave the Commonwealth. Relations with India and Pakistan could not be closer after their fourteen years of independence—indeed, so wonderful a reception as the Queen and Prince Philip have had could hardly have been hoped for in pre-independence days. Ghana and Nigeria have freely chosen Commonwealth membership; as did Ceylon and Malaya. And continued membership of the Commonwealth, with the solidarity, broadly speaking, with the other partners in it which this implies, has surely played no small part in the achievement of the newer Commonwealth countries in establishing themselves as political international personalities in the councils of the world, and in the steps they have taken towards economic and industrial self-sufficiency.

Difficult issues lie ahead, more particularly in the fast-developing countries of Africa; and it is too early yet to speak with final assurance of what the outcome may be. But experience so far justifies confidence. Up to now our empirical approach to Commonwealth problems has proved successful; our reluctance to take our fences before we reach them; and the general reliance within the Commonwealth on the ultimate good sense, and grasp of the substance of things, by those concerned. Admittedly there are daunting problems, sharp differences to be reconciled. But it is wiser, surely, to concentrate on the area of agreement, so vast, so solid, and so enduring, rather than on the points of difference, limited if important, that, incidentally, arise from time to time? And the fact that, as I said earlier, no member of the Commonwealth is in any way subordinate to another, that their historical, economic and geographical backgrounds, their internal problems, vary widely, underlines the importance of persuasion and of patience. We have in the Commonwealth built up a smaller and more closely-knit United Nations of our own, and we can be very proud of our achievement, and of that of the Commonwealth as a whole. But, as in our own country, there will always be in a gathering such as the Commonwealth sharply differing views on political and other questions, which are sincerely held, and not lightly to be brushed aside.

As a recent Prime Minister of New Zealand said, Commonwealth membership is " independence plus." And, illogical as it may seem to be, lacking as it may a constitution or rules, the short and critical point is that the Commonwealth works.

Felix Bertrand

THE LONDON FENCING CLUB

The London Fencing Club was founded in July 1848. It was the first of its kind in Britain (as distinct from a Salle or academy belonging to a Master) and it came into being at a time when the graceful art of swordsmanship was evolving from the older practices of fighting with swords.

The club has had a continuous history, even through the two World Wars, and has never closed its doors. The first premises were in Piccadilly. In 1863 new buildings were erected in Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace on a site reputed to have been that of the old Riding School of Bridgewater House. In 1905 these were pulled down. Next there was a temporary sojourn at Princes Tennis and Rackets Club before the L.F.C. re-opened, again in Cleveland Row, in the top two floors of a block of flats.

Soon after the end of the last war economic stringency caused the Club to make another move, to its present quarters in Hanover Square, which were originally built for the London Sword Club. Now these are to be pulled down to make way for a block of offices. So, again, the Club's members face the problem of finding new premises.

The story of the Club can be divided into three periods. The first runs to 1919. At the start the majority of the members were army officers, among them the Earl of Cardigan, of Light Brigade fame at Balaclava, and the Duke of Cambridge, Queen Victoria's cousin. When he became Commander-in-Chief he arranged for the officers on duty in the King's Guard at St. James's Palace to fence at the Club. King Edward VII was a member as Prince of Wales, and was patron of the Club as King. King George V succeeded him as Patron. Another Royal member was Prince Louis Napoleon. He was later elected an honorary member when he became Emperor of France.

As the years passed, the membership list began to show a wide variety of professions. The Stage was represented by Charles Kean and Sir Henry Irving; art by Sir Arthur Cope, R.A.; music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Commerce and banking also contributed their quota.

Fencing was not the only sport in which members were interested. Boxing and gymnastics were equally popular. The Club rooms had a boxing ring and much gymnastic apparatus. Members seem to have been extremely proud of their physique. The archives contain photographs of bewhiskered gentlemen stripped to the waist swelling their muscles.

We can learn something about their prowess from a fascinating book which was kept until 1914. In it members recorded their measurements and weight at stated intervals. For instance, Colonel Fred Burnaby, of the Blues, who for a bet once carried a Shetland pony under each arm up the staircase of a London house, was 6 ft. 3 ins. tall; weighed 15 st. 7 lb., had a chest measurement of 47 ins. and a 32-in. waist. His biceps measured 16½ ins. Captain Charles E. Rowley, R.N., was a small man. His weight never went above 9 st. 10 lb., but he was immensely strong, with a 42-in. chest and 14-in. biceps.

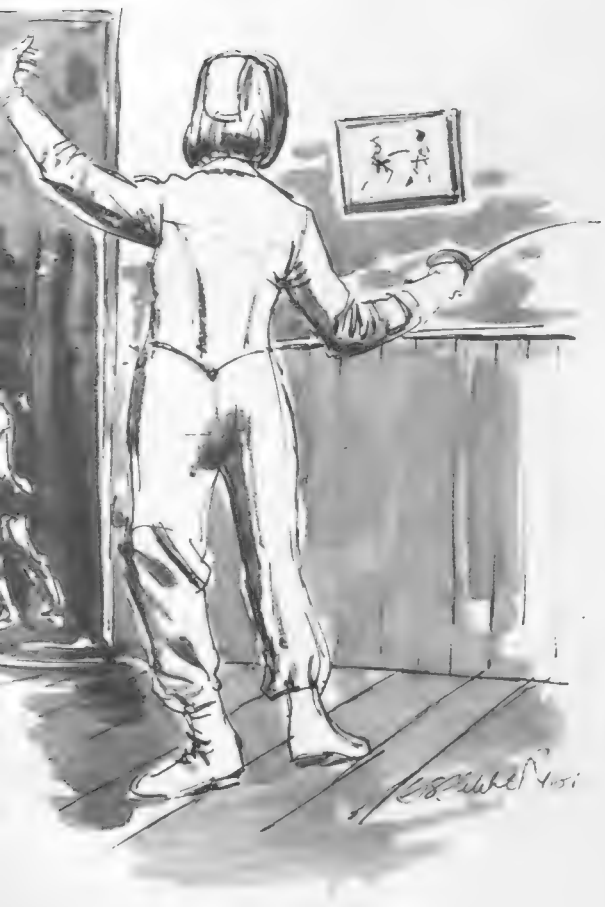
In its first period the L.F.C. was extremely conservative. The Committee, which was self-elected, was strongly opposed to any form of publicity and even to contact with any other fencing club. Any member who participated in competitions outside was regarded with great disfavour. The Club was an exclusively male establishment—ladies at one time were not even allowed on the premises as visitors during fencing hours. The gentlemen met for physical development and exercise and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's company. A high standard of good manners was observed. It is recorded that if a member during a bout hit his opponent with a remise, he removed his mask and apologised.

Drawings by
Geoffrey S. Fletcher

Changes came in the second period which began after the First World War. In 1919 the London Fencing Club amalgamated with the Sword Club, which had been founded in 1905 by L.F.C. members who wished to enter for competitions. The Club now decided to concentrate almost entirely on fencing. Boxing and gymnastics were largely discontinued.

In the past forty years the Club has taken an active part in British fencing and produced many famous national and international champions. Women were admitted in 1946, and among the ladies has been Gillian Sheen,

Members in the Salle of the London Fencing Club in Tente



A girl practises before a mirror

M. Imregi instructs an eight-year-old boy

...et, Hanover Square. The premises were occupied by Bertrand's Fencing Academy before the last war

the Olympic Gold Medallist. But the traditional constitution continued until 1953. This was the date of the start of the third period. A new set of rules was adopted, providing for a more democratic form of organisation and the election of officers and a committee in general meeting.

Numerous great masters have been teachers at the Club. In the early days they included Camille Prévost, Baptiste Bertrand, Jules Simon and Vitale Lebailly, and in the years between the two World Wars, Lucien Morel, J. B. Mimiague, André Gauthier and Fortunato Delzi. To-day instruction is given by the eminent Hungarian sabre master, Bela Imregi, and by Professor Cav. Léon Bertrand, the third generation of his family to have taught in London. The Club possesses a bust of his grandfather, Felix Bertrand, who was also a great master in his time.

Another young pupil

The roll of members who have been champions is lengthy. One of them, Edgar Seligman, a painter who exhibited in the Royal Academy, won amateur championships at all three weapons, foil, sabre and epée. His record still stands.

The Club to-day has about 140 members, of all ages. One is an eight-year-old boy. It has been known for members to continue fencing until aged eighty. Altogether there are at present some 400 fencing clubs in Great Britain which are affiliated to the Amateur Fencing Association.

Fencing is a sport demanding great quickness of eye and speed and precision of movement. It fully merits its title of "the graceful art." Its devotees regard the London Fencing Club in much the same light as tennis enthusiasts hold the Centre Court at Wimbledon. For in the L.F.C. premises all the major British championships are staged.

Weapons and equipment surround a portrait of Jules Simon, the Club's Fencing Master, 1865-86

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE SPREAD OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH

Foot-and-mouth disease is no new thing. It may have been known to the farmers of ancient Greece and Rome: certainly it was very prevalent on the Continent, in western Europe, if not elsewhere, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As trade in Europe increased, so the disease spread. It appears to have reached England for the first time in 1839. (At that time the importation of foreign animals was prohibited, for it was believed that the disease was brought by animals carried on ships for consumption by the crews, but not slaughtered at the end of the voyage.) Now it has spread throughout the world. It is indigenous in many parts of Africa and Asia and, if not indigenous, it is almost continuously present in South America and on the Continent.

Most, if not all, the outbreaks in this country can be traced to South America or to the Continent: most of them naturally to the Continent. But it is worthy of note that for just a few years at the turn of the century this country was immune; and this at a time when the disease was widespread on the Continent. Nobody knows why we enjoyed those few years of immunity; but they show that freedom from the scourge was possible. However, ever since then it has appeared at varying intervals (but, I think, with increasing frequency) and with varying degrees of intensity.

Foot-and-mouth is a virus disease. I understand that seven strains of the virus are known, but, according to my edition of *Black's Veterinary Dictionary*, there are three major ones. These are known as O, A, and C: and it is the O-strain which is the most common in outbreaks in Britain. The virulence of the disease varies a great deal, although it is not in itself a highly fatal one, at least in adult animals: but it can prove very lethal in young animals and this is of great importance where breeding stock is concerned. It is important to stress that the disease is not a fatal one in normal circumstances; it is known that an animal which recovers from an attack by one strain is immune from further infection by that strain, though not immune from infection by other strains. (In the 1892 outbreak, the herds built up immunity with such rapidity that the disease disappeared of its own accord.) The root of criticism of British policy is based on this point.

We destroy: not just the animal infected, but also the herd to which the animal belongs. In most other countries they do not: they practise some form of prophylactic or palliative injection. In almost every case the animal recovers and is said then to be none the worse for its experience. In milch cows it is said that the quality of the milk does not suffer, though the quantity may be a little less for a while. (I do not know if this is true, but I must say that I have often thought that the milk one gets in France, for example, compares very favourably with the bluish stuff one finds on the doorstep in this country nowadays.) However, it is not the official British view. This is that though the animal may recover and probably will, it will never be the same again: that foot-and-mouth disease always leaves behind some debility.

The two points of view are diametrically opposed and quite irreconcilable. It is, it seems to me, most important to bear this firmly in mind in any assessment of the situation. Presumably, British policy is based on the (wholly praiseworthy) ideal of getting rid of the disease altogether. There can, surely, be no other basic ideal? For, though an aftermath of debility is a sound enough reason for destroying infected pedigree herds (bearing our export trade in mind), it cannot be a sound enough reason on its own, it cannot be the sole reason, for destroying non-pedigree commercial stocks. It may have come to be, but originally the idea must have been to get rid of the disease.

Our present policy has been in force for many years now. We still have the disease. The 1960 epidemic produced something approaching 300 outbreaks. I do not know the exact figure, and it does not matter anyway: it was certainly in excess of 250. You may remember that there were no animals at Smithfield. We might as well face the fact that the present policy will never get rid of the disease. True, we have eradicated rabies by means of our stringent quarantine laws. But rabies is transmitted by the bite of the infected animal. Foot-and-mouth is transmitted by any number of carriers, including man.

While most of the countries in the world have given up trying to get rid of the disease and have learnt to live with it, there is not the least possibility of keeping it out of Britain. This is well understood by those in authority. The policy now seems to be designed to prevent the disease becoming endemic. It cannot, I think, succeed even in that limited objective for very much longer. The world is becoming smaller every day.

Of one thing there can be no doubt: our present policy of destruction and restriction on movement is a very expensive one. I think that few townspeople realise how widespread are the effects of foot-and-mouth disease and how disastrous they can be. This is not something that affects only the farmer who has the disease actually on his land nor something that affects only the farmers in the area within which movement is restricted. Actually, the farmer who has to have his animals destroyed does receive some cash compensation—the market price for his slaughtered beasts (at present prices about £85 for an in-milk Dairy Ayrshire), but he gets nothing for the loss of their product. His compensation is taxed as income: trust the Government to give with one hand and take away with the other!

It takes time—seven or eight years as a minimum—to build up a good dairy herd. It takes many years—twenty, thirty, perhaps a lifetime—to build up a pedigree breeding herd for show and export. All gone in the twinkling of an eye. Farmers, within the restricted area, though they may escape the disease itself, are still faced with heavy financial loss; and they get no compensation. But the effect of an outbreak reaches far beyond the farmer. Virtually everyone within the restricted area suffers to some extent—dealers, auctioneers, hauliers, retail tradesmen, dog-breeders. The cost to the nation since the start of the present policy must run into millions of pounds.

I suppose, since there is no possibility of getting rid of the disease altogether, it really comes down to this: that we are faced with a choice between two evils—having the disease pandemic (as at present) or having it endemic. We may have chosen the lesser of the two. I do not know. But, personally, I think it possible that we have not. Is the candle worth the cost?

Foot dips to prevent the spread of disease—**left:** at a Kent hop field and **right:** a barrier to make casual visitors use the dip on a Kent farm

A mathematics class in progress at Repton, in Derbyshire. The school was founded in 155[illegible] under the will of Sir John Port, in the remains of Repton Priory

Boys at work at Westminster in a room designed by Wren, an Old Boy

One of the classrooms in a new L.C.C. Secondary School in Marylebone

WILL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS SURVIVE?

The second of two articles, the first of which was published last week under the title of "Why Send A Boy To A Public School?"

By **VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER**

Last week I discussed the aims and claims of the public schools, particularly as to the training of character and intellect, and the social status which derives from this kind of education. I suggested that most emphasis is laid on character, and that boarding is *inter alia* an essential part of the system. What do the critics say?

First, they strongly contest the idea that it is necessary to keep boys away from home for weeks on end, in order that they may absorb school influence day and night. They claim that character and capacity can be cultivated just as well in a day school, allied to a good home. Sex growth is far healthier in this more natural setting, and mental development more balanced. Also a boy will come into contact with a wider cross-section of society and become far more aware of the realities of the life which he will one day have to face.

In contrast, they point out that a boy at a public school leads a sheltered, monastic existence, knowing no social class but his own, deprived of family atmosphere and of the chance of making girl friends just when he needs them most. Moreover he is so regimented and conditioned by rules and pressures that, so far from becoming a responsible individual, with initiative and a mind of his own, he often becomes the reverse. He emerges in fact as a member of a herd, blinkered

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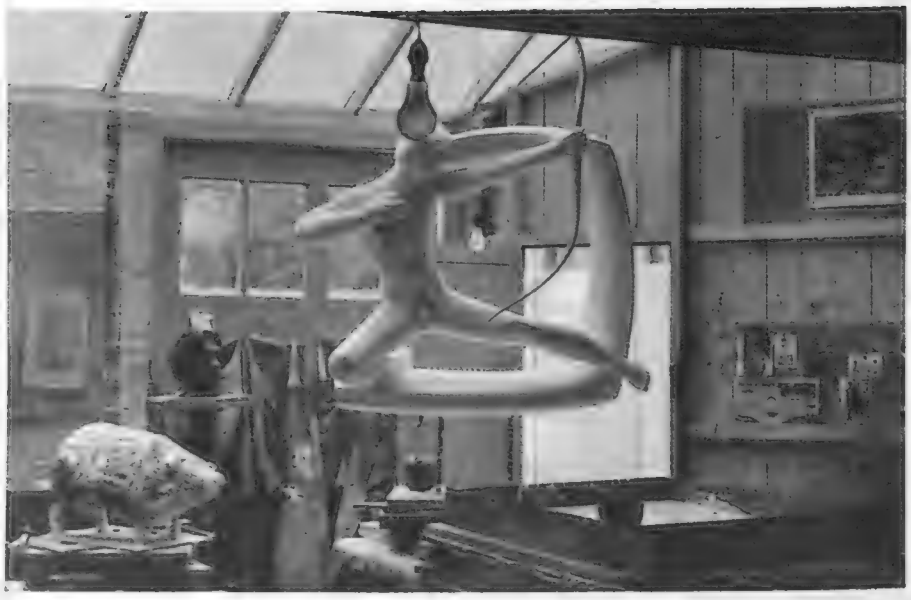


Sculpture at Bryanston, in Dorset. The school, of recent foundation, aims at combining the best in the old public school tradition with sound and up-to-date ideas

Practical work on the estate is done by " pioneers " at Bryanston School

Canoeing on the lake at Gordonstoun, in Scotland, modelled on Salem, in Germany

The main block and the covered way leading to the Assembly Hall in the London County Co

WILL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS SURVIVE?

(*Continued from previous page*)

by moral and social taboos, politically prejudiced and mentally inert. They add that—though he may have had certain advantages, from which he may or may not have profited—the public school boy is not intellectually better equipped than boys from the best grammar schools, who are the backbone of the universities and figure just as prominently in life afterwards.

This is, of course, stating the extreme opposition case. It is vigorously countered with arguments, additional to saying that boarding allows a school more time and better conditions in which to train a boy for manhood. For example, while public school monasticism is admitted as a handicap in some respects, it has of recent years been much alleviated by sensible teaching about sex, and by bringing boys and girls together socially during term-time.

Moreover, absence from home for eight months in the year helps a boy to stand on his own feet, and it may be a positive advantage emotionally. Many boys overcome teenage troubles more easily with strangers than with their parents, against whom they will probably rebel at some stage between thirteen and eighteen. Also much is gained by *not* being at the local school. Boys come to public schools from all parts of the country, and even of the world, and so extend their experience of people and places. Again social variations are much larger than is generally thought and, anyway, knowing every Tom, Dick and Harry in your own town will not necessarily put you wise to human nature. What matters is self-reliance and the ability to face life—realities will come soon enough—and the public school teaches just that.

Obviously I have no space to air all the arguments, nor is it possible to make final comparisons between the two systems. Bearing all these points in mind, the question is—do the public schools justify themselves by results, and are they still compatible with life in a democracy? My answer is this:

At best—in terms of education—yes. Among the public schools you will find excellent teaching and conditions for learning, humane and inspiring cultivation of character, fine opportunities for physical and mental growth, and some bold attempts at exploration. At worst—no. It is still possible to find all the trappings of the system without any of the virtues—a degrading use of caning and fagging, cup-hunting and the cult of sport, above all tradition perpetuated for its own sake:

...erford Secondary School, in Marylebone

everything, in fact, that stultifies the human spirit, and produces dinosaurs, not dynamic citizens. However, no school has the monopoly of vices or virtues, although some are noticeably better than others. Often there is a confusing mixture within one school.

At Eton, for example, I admire the encouragement of individuality which has helped produce so many of her best men, as much as I dislike the arrogance and affectation which characterises the worst. Moral judgments apart, there is a surprising variety of character between one school and another: ranging between the conservatism of Winchester, the semi-traditionalism of Marlborough or Clifton, the special contribution of Roman Catholic schools such as Downside, of Quaker schools such as Leighton Park, or of day schools such as St. Paul's (a true public school, none the less), the liberal atmosphere of Bryanston, and the co-educational ventures of Bedales and Dartington. This is healthy and nurtures the vitality of the system. It does not, however, diminish the need for every school constantly to submit to criticism, particularly in view of the vulnerability of public schools as a whole.

For I hold the view that socially the system is hard to justify. The public schools are still a class preserve. By and large only those who can pay can send their sons. And although new people are continually making money and so adding fresh blood, yet it is also true that—if you believe that public school education is the best—you are denying it to many who deserve it, but whose parents cannot afford it. This is a problem that has caused much disquiet, notably among public school headmasters and governors, in the last twenty years or so. Ever since the Fleming Report, published in 1942, attempts have been made to work out ways of widening entry, basically by offering a number of places to the children of poor parents, finance to be provided by the State. Yet none of these schemes has succeeded in any marked degree. The difficulties are formidable and I can only mention a few of them.

How are you going to choose the free scholars satisfactorily? Who are going to be the privileged minority paid for by the taxpayer, and to which schools are you going to send them? If you take a working-class boy, will not life at school unfit him for life at home, so that he loses one social background without gaining another? The result might be disastrous and, whether they sense this or not, working-class parents have not, in fact, responded strongly to the proposal. If, on the other hand, you take a middle-class boy of impoverished parents, you are merely substituting him at the public expense for a similar boy whose parents could have paid the fees. In general, too, there is dogmatic hostility, not only from the Left, to the idea that any public money be spent on private institutions, unless it is for some unassailable reason: as, for instance, in the present case of several thousand children who are sent yearly by local education authorities to boarding schools (mostly grammar schools) on grounds of health, home circumstances, etc. That

(Continued on page 348)

The Benedictine Ampleforth College in Yorkshire is one of Britain's Roman Catholic public schools

Left: Pupils in the library at the Marylebone Secondary School. The new buildings replace those erected in 1874, in what was a slum area

Below: Shrewsbury boys are grouped in a study room. Others stand outside the window on their way to the sports fields

Gondolas in the annual festival on the Grand Canal in Venice

TRAVEL

STREETS AND SQUARES

By **GORDON COOPER**

I am a "collector" of attractive streets and picturesque squares, and there is an appeal about them which brings nostalgic memories. In discussing some of my favourites, I realise that other travellers would present quite different lists. But I think that some of mine would appear in every selection.

Top of my list of streets, although in this case I should better term it a "thoroughfare," is the Grand Canal in Venice. I never tire of traversing its two-mile length, between the railway station and the Piazza of St. Mark, gliding past, in a water-bus, its 200 palaces and churches. There is no other sight in the world that can compare with this scene, just as the Piazza of St. Mark is the finest of all squares. It was Napoleon who described it as "the most sumptuous reception-hall known," while Ruskin called it "the most beautiful room in Europe," and Petrarch proclaimed it to be "unique in the world."

Elsewhere in Italy I recall with pleasure that smiling, lovely way, the Via Tornabuoni in Florence, which culminates at its far end in the wonderfully restored Ponte S. Trinita, the finest of all bridges. There is no more attractive square in Florence than the Piazza della Signoria, fronted by the lofty, fierce old Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia de' Lanzi, with its collection of wonderful statues, including that ever-fascinating masterpiece: the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini.

It is hard to be selective in Italy where so many streets and squares cry out for mention. But I cannot omit the shell-shaped Piazza Publico in Siena, with its Lily Tower. Surely there is no fairer tower on earth; and to have witnessed Il Palio in this glorious medieval setting is a memory to be treasured. In Umbria, I think of the piazzas in Todi and Gubbio, but I must stop here otherwise I will be writing a whole article on this most rewarding of Italian provinces.

In Rome, I remember more the squares than the streets: the ordered splendour of the Piazza di S. Pietro; the lively Piazza Navona, with its three famous fountains; and the tiny, hard-to-find Piazza Mattei, where you see the loveliest fountain in the city—the Fountain of the Tortoises, alluring in its lightness and lively action.

For Naples, my selection falls on a promenade rather than a street. It is the Via Partenope which faces on to Santa Lucia, with a superb panoramic view over the Bay of Naples beyond. After dark the effect is especially magical. Finally, in Italy, I will merely note the exquisite Piazza Duomo in Syracuse, the gem-like Piazza del Duomo in Cremona, and the colourful Piazza delle Erbe in Verona.

For France, my mind turns first to Paris, with its Avenue des Champs Elysées, perhaps the most magnificent street in all Europe. More pleasurable, for the quiet stroller, however, is the dignified, tree-lined Cours Mirabeau in Aix-en-Provence. I would be happy to stroll along it every remaining day of my life, for this is indeed a very pleasant city in which to retire. My single choice of a square will be the Place Stanislas in Nancy, the finest point in the town and perhaps the finest square in all the cities of France.

Across in Spain, I take you first to Barcelona, with its famous Ramblas, one of the most attractive and entertaining thoroughfares in Europe. Then there is also the fashionable Paseo de Gracia which compares favourably with the Avenue des Champs Elysées. In Madrid, the picturesque Plaza Mayor, rich in historical associations, merits mention, but I can think of no street which fascinates me. Elsewhere in this country, I give top marks to the beautifully proportioned Plaza Mayor in Salamanca—the finest of its kind in Spain—and there are the enchanting, crooked streets in the Santa Cruz quarter of Seville, with their sunshine and shadow, grilled windows and high flower-lined balconies, not to mention peeps into delectable patios. This same attraction will be found also in Cordoba, where close to the great Cathedral-Mosque are the small Street and Square of Flowers, which no visitor to this romantic Moorish city should miss.

Lisbon has its magnificent Avenida da Liberdade, although it is not a Portuguese Avenue des Champs Elysées, to which it is sometimes compared. As for squares, there is the very noisy Rocio, but pleasanter is the wide, arcaded Praca do Commerçio which nobly faces the water-front, yet is otherwise rather dull.

I will skip the Scandinavian countries—at the risk of receiving critical letters from readers—but I make one exception: the Senate Square in Helsinki, which forms a remarkably homogeneous and attractive sight.

In Germany, outstanding streets include the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin, the magnificent Königs-Allee in Dusseldorf, the Maximilianstrasse in Augsburg, and that very delightful promenade, the Lichtentaler Allee in Baden-Baden. For squares, I think of the medieval market-place in Rothenburg, and the town square in Schwabisch-Hall, whose most striking feature is the glorious flight of steps leading up to St. Michael's Church. It forms a dramatic setting for a summer play festival.

Second to the Grand Canal, as the loveliest thoroughfare in Europe, I name the Maria-Theresienstrasse in Innsbruck, with its uninterrupted mountain views at its northern end—a dreamlike picture of which I never tire. To stroll along the Ring in Vienna is also a rewarding experience.

In adjoining Yugoslavia, I like the medieval street called the Placa in Dubrovnik, while for squares there are small but attractive ones in Trogir and Koper. For Greece, my only outstanding memory is of the Street of the Knights in Rhodes. Athens, strangely enough, apart from its Constitution Square, has nothing of special note.

As a brief tail-piece, I will name the Grand' Place in Brussels as a near rival to the Piazza of St. Mark, in attraction, while the Grand' Place in Lierre is also most rewarding. And, for Holland, I like the market places in both Delft and Middelburg.

NEW PASSENGER ARRANGEMENTS AT PARIS AIRPORTS

From 00.01 hours on March 8 it will no longer be possible to go through passenger registration formalities at Les Invalides city terminal in Paris, since at that time the new air passenger terminal at Orly Airport comes into service. Although there will be regular coach services between the Invalides Terminal and the airports, it will be the passenger's own responsibility to reach the airport by the reporting time there. The new arrangement applies both to Orly and Le Bourget airports. In other words, passengers will no longer be able to check-in at Les Invalides, but must do so at the airport, whether they travel by coach service, in their own car, or by public transport.

Incidentally, the coach from Les Invalides to Orly as well as Le Bourget, leaves every fifteen minutes between 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., and between 10 p.m. and 9 a.m., thirty-five minutes before reporting-time. It is hoped that this will be a great improvement on the crowded and at times confusing conditions which passengers in Paris have been subjected to at Les Invalides Terminal in recent years. London Air Terminal is quiet and peaceful in comparison.

Any extension to the road services run by air companies from airports is to be welcomed. The difficulties which are sometimes experienced in travelling between the airport and a holiday resort take away all the advantage of getting to the country quickly by air. B.E.A. are setting the pace by introducing a new air-road service to northern Portugal via Oporto, from April 1 to October 31, in connection with all B.E.A. and T.A.P. flights between London and Oporto. Through tickets can now be bought in London from travel agents for this new air and road service to the following resorts in northern Portugal: Vila do Conde, Povoa de Varzim, Ofir, Esposende, Viano do Castelo. Then on the Italian Riviera, Loano and Spotorno have been added to the B.E.A./S.A.T.I. air-road service from Nice. There is also one which has been introduced from Marco Polo Airport, Venice, to Lido di Jesolo. Arrangements, too, are being made for services from Munich to Garmisch and Mittenwald, in Bavaria, and Seefeld, Innsbruck and Igls, in the Austrian Tirol; from Klagenfurt to Krumpendorf, Pörtschach, Velden and Villach, in Carinthia; from Lisbon to Estoril; from Milan to Genoa, Nervi, Santa Margherita and Rapallo; from Salzburg to Kitzbühel; and also from Klagenfurt to Bled and Ljubljana, in northern Yugoslavia.

A new ferry service has just opened between the Danish mainland at Aarhus and Oslo, the capital of Norway. There are three weekly sailings in each direction by a new 4,200-ton ship, the M.S. *Holgerdanske*, with accommodation for 900 passengers and 130 cars. You leave at four o'clock in the afternoon and arrive at eight the next morning. There are plenty of four-berth cabins, but single and three-berth cabins are also available. The first-class single fare is about £5, and second-class, with berth, is about £3 10s. single. The fare for cars varies between £2 5s. and £6 5s., according to length. **W. D. C. C.**

BACK-ROOM BOYS OF CRICKET

All over England cricketers are getting ready for the new season, which will see the Australians over here again. It is to be hoped their advent brings brighter cricket and a revival of interest in county and Test matches. Whatever happens manufacturers of cricket equipment will maintain their traditional standards of skill. From the Grasshopper Sports goods factory in Worcester, pads and other equipment are dispatched throughout the country. Another item which needs a high degree of skill in its manufacture is the ball. Mr. Jacob Playfoot, who lives at East Lynn, near Tonbridge, in Kent, is still making them, although he is eighty-five. He is known in the trade as a closer; he stitches the leather pieces together forming the cover. Mr. Playfoot retired from full-time work when he was eighty. He now has the leather pieces sent to his garden workshop for stitching.

Mr. Playfoot, of East Lynn, Kent, stitches the cover of a cricket-ball

Fibrous padding is packed into a pad being made at a factory in Worcester. A rod is later inserted in each channel to give rigidity and further protection

At a Worcester factory, white buckskin is stretched before it is made into pads. **Right:** A cutter uses a template to cut out the buckskin forming the facing of a pad

BOOKS

FEUDAL SURVIVOR

The autobiography of the Dame of Sark; life of Annie Besant; this week's list of varied fiction

There is in our own day and attached to our own country by many strong bonds one of the last survivals of feudalism in the civilised world. It is the island of Sark, in the group of Channel Islands, one of the oldest possessions of our Crown and a remnant of the ancient Duchy of Normandy. Since the days of the first Queen Elizabeth it has been reigned over, almost absolutely, by a Seigneur or, if the succession goes that way, a Dame. The present ruler is the Dame of Sark, Mrs. Sybil Hathaway, and in her autobiography she has sketched in its history and given a vivid and memorable picture of her long connection with this rock-girt community of 400 inhabitants. The Dame was a month old when she arrived in Sark, which, like her people, she calls Sercq, and the daughter of the twentieth Seigneur of Sark who, like herself, owed allegiance to the monarch of England as "overlord." Since then she has grown up in the enchanting place, married twice (the second time to an American) and still, as an elderly lady, continues the benign rule which is as near to pure feudalism as any existing to-day. Life on Sark is ideal in many ways—no motor-cars, no income tax, no politicians—but it can also be fairly rugged, particularly during the winter when it is cloaked in mist and continuously lashed by high seas and gales. During the war and especially after her husband had been interned by the Germans, the Dame went through very severe privations with the rest of her people. DAME OF SARK (Heinemann. 21s.) is a chapter of brave and loyal English history. It is told with delightful humour and a never absent sense of that allegiance which she and her people uphold.

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a book more contrasted than Mr. Arthur Nethercot's biography, THE FIRST FIVE LIVES OF ANNIE BESANT (Hart-Davis. 42s.). These lives, as the author sees them, were divided into the period of The Christian Wife, during which she was married to a coldly ambitious parson; The Atheist Mother, when she began to make her own decisions on religious subjects; The Martyr of Science, when the world of politics was opened to her; The Socialist Labour Agitator, a phrase which speaks for itself and which was placed in the 1880's, and The Chela of the Mahatmas, marking her first months in her sensational career as a theosophist and a successor of Madame Blavatsky. With her first voyage to India the volume ends. It is sensational reading for a great part of its considerable length, but, then, Annie Besant was as sensational a woman as one can recall.

FATE IS THE HUNTER (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) is by Mr. Ernest K. Gann, an American writer whose books of fiction have a nearly inimitable quality of tension and suspense. This new work is autobiographical in part and also a study of men in danger as exemplified particularly by flying men. Mr. Gann himself is one of these. He has almost two million flying miles to his credit and, during the war, was awarded the D.S.C. for his work in Air Transport Command. He has been—and is—a yachtsman in a far from amateur way, for he is a professional in everything that he undertakes; a pilot, a fisherman, an adventurer in the better sense of the word and a writer. It is as a writer that we can now congratulate him on a modest yet highly exciting book which is far more about the men he has known than the man himself.

HAROLD PINTER as Mick (right) is with Donald Pleasence as Aston, in a scene from his play, *The Caretaker*, at the Duchess Theatre, London. Mr. Pinter took over the part of Mick from Alan Bates for a month. Before he became well known for his sinister plays, he gained considerable experience as a professional actor

After reading such a book, a dip into lower Californian history in the past fifty years comes as a mild *divertissement*, although it has its own fascinating moments and plenty of funny ones since the author, Miss Beth Day, knows Hollywood both past and present very well indeed and she is writing here about the figures she has known at pretty close range and the development from two-reelers to TV films, via the "star system," Westerns, "epics" and oil wells. THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD (Sidgwick and Jackson. 18s.) has a disappointingly small ration of photographs (or do I mean stills?) but some excellently presented hard facts and some riotously amusing anecdotes.

MEZZOTINT (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is by Sir Compton Mackenzie, which fact is, as ever, good enough for me. But, if further elucidation were needed by those who have not yet fallen under the spell of this witty and immensely civilised writer, I would add that it is concerned with an island, largely fictional, in the middle of the South Atlantic, developed by French planters until the British took it over during the Napoleonic wars and, although now governed by H.M.G. and a target for the ubiquitous British Council, still a stronghold in its own way of Creole talk and feudal custom. This is a very funny as well as an enlightening novel and I shouldn't think it would do the Colonial Office any harm at all as "required reading." First and foremost, though, it is thoroughly enjoyable and what a blessing that is.

THE BISHOP'S AUNT (Hart-Davis. 15s.) is a first essay in fiction by Sir Lawrence Jones, whose four books of autobiography began with *A Victorian Boyhood* and went on to charm readers into a lulled acceptance of much that was good and lively about the nearer past. The present book deals, in twelve short stories, with bankers, butlers, beehives and other phenomena. This variety is united only by the writer's kindly humour and, in some cases, admirable understanding of Norfolk speech and native ways.

INDIA GROWS

Survey of the sub-continent's problems

For India economic anæmia is an ever present physical factor, faced as she is with appalling poverty allied to a population growth rate of over 2 per cent. per annum, which means at least an extra 9,000,000 mouths to feed each year. Only successful birth control, or a massive growth in industrial production (say 5 per cent. a year), could, from within the sub-continent, right this situation, declares Barbara Ward in her penetrating survey INDIA AND THE WEST (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.). The alternative, if India is to be brought smoothly and successfully into the main stream of modern life, is western financial aid on a stupendous scale, foreign capital indeed to the tune of £400,000,000 per year. Miss Ward's book is powerfully and persuasively written, once you have got over the rather wildly contrived anti-Marxist-Leninist tub-thumping of the opening pages. "The Marshall Plan," says Miss Ward, "remains one of the greatest, most unsordid acts of statesmanship in the annals of man. Only it has not been repeated." She concludes by saying that the time has come to take up again the threads dropped so casually a decade ago. All we need is the vision and the will to face this stirring adventure of the human spirit, the rescue of one of the most ancient of the world's great civilisations.

Anyone seeking further factual confirmation of Barbara Ward's theme will find it in INDIA 1960 (price 3s. 6d.), the excellently presented and illustrated annual review of the Information Service of India House, in London. This takes us across the whole field of economic and cultural affairs, but it does not minimise the task if India is to reach the desired high plateau of "self-sustaining growth."

Anthony Smith's Cape to Cairo adventure was very much a personal affair indulged in for personal satisfaction, the love of the open road and a desire to meet his fellow men. HIGH STREET AFRICA (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is the story of a motor-cycle ride northward from the Cape, first through the lush wine-growing areas of Paarl and Worcester, then on through the Hex River Pass to the table lands of the Great Karoo, northwards again into the Transvaal, and so through the Rhodesias, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt to journey's-end in Alexandria, with lean and hungry hounds chasing his motor-bicycle through the villages, sunlit days, frosty nights, and the high adventure of the road. Anthony Smith enjoyed this 7,000-mile journey, despite all the hardships, and he makes it delightfully easy for us to enjoy it with him.

If you want to follow exactly the way Mr. Smith went there is nothing better than THE YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO SOUTHERN AFRICA (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) and the YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO EAST AFRICA (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.). Both these 1961 editions are edited by A. Gordon-Brown, and maintain their high reputation for factual information on travel, business and holidaymaking on this great continent. Both these books are modest in price, and their map sections remain outstanding features.

The Vista Travel Book Series, designed to give background information to a country's history, politics, art, and culture, supplements the conventional guide-book. Readers will find these books brightly written, argumentative, and often markedly opinionated, and they are all the better for it. The latest four titles are GREAT BRITAIN, by Jean Bailhache, a Frenchman with no ordinary knowledge of Britain; BELGIUM, by Thérèse Henrot; SWITZERLAND, by Dominique Fabre; and DENMARK, also the work of M. Bailhache. The books have semi-stiff covers, are well illustrated, and all are priced at 6s.

R. C. E.

Mr. Robert Poole, in his first novel, LONDON E.1 (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), takes a very different line, as the title indicates. This is the moving story of an East End boy whom we see as an eleven-year-old in a crowded tenement near Spitalfields Market; a child determined to better himself, his speech and his chances of a good job as he painfully grows up. The book has an authentic flavour and some uneven but immensely vivid writing. Really memorable.

Some time ago there was an extremely successful TV programme in New York during which contestants answered questions and received vast and increasing sums of money for their answers. One of them, a young intellectual, made a truly impressive sum and, in that particular world, became a kind of hero. As a result of a Government investigation, the probity of the whole affair was questioned and he finally confessed that his answers, which had at first been genuinely answered out of his own knowledge, were later rigged to make him, artificially, a star performer. Such a situation, though freely invented in its characterisation and development, is explored by Jean Detre in a first novel, IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE (Gollancz. 15s.), which I found quite as thrilling as any whodunit and almost compulsively readable. The setting is an American university town and, in particular, the home of the man's two brilliant, highly intellectual parents.

AIR BRIDGE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is one of the volumes in the collected edition of Mr Hammond Innes' work, which I recommend to all those admirers of his adventurous books in which the probable is discarded for the barely possible and in which excitement and tension are the keynotes.

Vernon Fane

ON THE WOOLSACK

Certainly Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, especially those of his own contentious times, needed, in bare justice, revision, and, of course, they got it in the biographies of his victims. Campbell worked from earliest times down to Brougham. Lord Russell of Liverpool in his THE ROYAL CONSCIENCE (Cassell. 25s.) has dealt with Jeffreys to Birkenhead. It's quite a gallery of talent, naturally. Some, did better than others. Quite a few were curiously "weak in Equity" when appointed. But one way or another every one of them, even Jeffreys and Hardwicke, were recognised as very great lawyers. Some left vast arrears, some cleared those arrears off, some left immortal judgments, some codified the laws, some reformed procedure. These men were *professionals*. Their record of successes stands higher than those of our Kings and Premiers, not professionals and chosen by other means.

Jeffreys has been painted too black and by H. B. Irving too white. Lord Russell gives him more balanced treatment. When not sodden with brandy to ease pain, he could be judicial and dignified. Brougham and Birkenhead perhaps were the most controversial and the most acute-minded among them all, and none cleared the decks and the air more quickly.

Eldon was on the woolsack longest (too long?), Camden was perhaps greater out of office. Those of our time, Selborne, Halsbury and Haldane, were irreproachably solid. By no means all of them put the law before politics.

This is an interesting collection of short biographies and very readable. Sometimes, perhaps, balance is threatened by too much space given to famous trials, from Alice Lisle and Queen Caroline down to Beard and Wakeford. But it is these cases which make legal biography so readable, and the text for the most part is commendably free from slips and inaccuracies. But (more and more nowadays) careful books are spoiled by faulty proof-reading. The author should have got Balmerino right and Harold Nicolson right and not given Creevey the "benefit of the doubt" with sometimes two and sometimes three E's.

But Lord Russell has done a very difficult job remarkably well and keeps our interest throughout. Unlike Campbell, he convinces us of the mighty importance of the Woolsack and of the high level of success won by those carefully chosen to sit on it.

John Gore

On holiday at Acapulco are Larry (Bob Hope) and Kitty (Lucille Ball), in a scene from the American film chosen for the Royal Film Performance

Larry and Kitty are caught in the rain on the way to an illicit week-end at a friend's cottage at Monteray

FACTS OF LIFE

at the Odeon, Leicester Square

For the fifteenth Royal Film Performance, attended by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones, a light-hearted American comedy was chosen. Its two main characters are a middle-aged man and woman, secure in American middle-class suburbia but bored with their respective marriages. A chain of accidents leads to their spending a holiday alone together. They start an affair, but their attempts to meet after the holiday has ended are foiled by events and their own incompetence. For instance, one evening the couple managed to get away for an hour together at a drive-in cinema. But their romantic hopes are spoiled when the horn of their car becomes jammed. The slightly hackneyed theme gives the two main performers, Bob Hope and Lucille Ball, a chance to form an admirable and efficient team. The story is decorated with amusing scenes and lines, and the director, Melvin Frank, has kept a precarious balance between sentiment and humour. *Facts of Life* is released by United Artists.

As a proud father, Larry is forced to attend a children's meeting, discussing the habits of Red Indians

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Guy Steven

The chairman of Allied Ironfounders Ltd., Mr. Steven has been in the ironfounding business all his working life. He joined the family firm of McDowall, Steven at Falkirk, after he left Marlborough in 1925. Four years later this company and sixteen others were formed into Allied Ironfounders, a group whose rising fortunes are based on the continued buoyancy of the building industry. Mr. Steven became chairman last year. Under his initiative the group has expanded its activities to include plastics and other new materials; and his insistence on efficient production and marketing has enabled it to export pipes to the west coast of the U.S., paying shipping costs yet remaining competitive. The group now numbers thirty companies. Guy Savile Steven was born in 1906 in Edinburgh. His only break from ironfounding was six years spent with the R.A.S.C., from 1939-45, during which he reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel and served in the Middle East, Italy, and north-west Europe. He is married, with one son, and lives at Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire. In the summer he is a keen tennis player and in the autumn finds time to stalk deer in Scotland. He is frequently away from his office in Brook Street, London, visiting the group's foundries and works in Great Britain and the works in South Africa

BREAK-THROUGH FOR AIR FREIGHT?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Anyone setting out to write about the air-freight business is always tempted to enlarge upon the rather exotic assortment of cargoes that it carries—livestock, ships' propellors, goldfish, computers, art treasures and radio-active isotopes. That, in a sense, is what is wrong with the business; to most businessmen consigning goods, the idea of sending them by air—and the price—does seem rather exotic. Several times during the past decade, hopeful experts have announced that the business was on the brink of "a real break-through" into the field of everyday transport. So far, their hopes have never come true. But rates have been cut recently, and are being cut again; aircraft are becoming available at last that may make air freight more genuinely competitive with express shipping; and the international airlines that have spent the last decade building up their passenger services so impressively are now, whether they like it or not, being forced to take cargo seriously.

This was the background of the recent conference in Paris on new rates for air cargo operations, which ended with a failure to agree and the announcement of new rates on an individual basis by a number of the major lines including the British Overseas Airways Corporation. From the brave words uttered by a number of the airline managers after the conference broke down, the innocent bystander might be tempted to assume that price competition was liable to break out at last in this business. But it is probably too early to believe that.

Air transport—at any rate, the great bulk of it which is handled by scheduled airlines—has never since its beginnings had much in common with ordinary competitive enterprise; perhaps it never could have done. Most of the great airlines began with encouragement from their governments, and were given subsidies, open or concealed in air mail contracts; even to-day, when the airlines have grown to vast and technically most efficient enterprises, they are accustomed to favourable treatment in terms of airport charges, fuel taxes, and import duties on equipment. Moreover, their very right to fly around the world is circumscribed by a network of bilateral agreements between different countries on landing rights; in practice, no airline management is free to select the pattern of international operations that would be most profitable to it and to carry out those operations and nothing else.

Apart from these regulations that restrict but at the same time support their operations, the airlines have joined together in an organisation that effectively outlaws most price competition. In the International Air Transport Organisation, fares are agreed for all major passenger routes—though, to-day, airlines are allowed to give quite a range of discounts for travel out of season or at off-peak times like the middle of the night or the middle of the week. In spite of jibes about "settling the size of the sandwich," there remain quite significant regulations about the standard of passenger refreshments and of passenger comfort—for example, the distance between seats—which airlines are allowed to offer in each class of service. Airlines prefer to compete mainly in the fields left open to them: largely speed and politeness, it would seem to the traveller (though even the speeds, like the differently-painted airliners one sees arrayed on the airport tarmac, are often identical).

Agreed rates also exist for the carriage of cargo by air; they were cut by agreement last year, but most of the airlines concur that they need cutting again. The argument in Paris was not about whether rates should be cut, but about how. It reflected the entry into service, on a growing scale, of big jet airliners that can carry quite a large payload of freight along with their passengers and indeed need freight in their holds to break even; and the advent of specialised air freighters, either developed from the large and efficient last generation of piston-engined airliners, or specially designed, mainly with prop-jet engines, to haul really large tonnages efficiently. Some of these are being operated by a few "freight-only" specialist airlines. But even major lines which concentrate on passenger trade are now putting big efforts into freight.

In general, cargo, to-day, accounts for nearly 20 per cent. of the total movement (measured in ton-miles) performed in the scheduled airline operations, but it brings in only 10 per cent. or less of total revenue. The airlines, in general, will carry your weight in packages for about half as much as they will carry you. The way to get more freight revenue, however, is not to even that up; it is, the airlines are agreed, to make freight even cheaper, and draw in a much larger volume of business to fill up their cargo holds. The Boeing 707, which most major lines are now operating across the Atlantic, can carry 3-5 tons of freight along with 100-130 passengers; and in view of the great initial cost of big jet aircraft they need to earn a pretty high return on all the space they offer.

There are now, moreover, about thirty to forty all-freight air services a week flown across the Atlantic. Most of these are now using converted DC-7's and Super-Constellations, with all the seating removed and specially big loading hatches cut into them; these excellent aircraft have become available in large numbers at relatively low prices during the last four years as the big jets have taken over first on the North Atlantic and later on all the most important long-distance routes.

The next step is the aeroplane designed specifically for freight operations alone, and most of the world's aircraft industries are now offering one or two of these. Britain has developed the Armstrong Whitworth Argosy, a freighter that can carry 28,000 lb. on 300-mile-an-hour hops; it is powered by four Rolls-Royce propeller-jet engines, and has full-width loading doors at each end, at just about the normal height of the tailboard of a lorry. A much larger contender, with a somewhat longer range, is Short's big Britannic, with a payload of 85,000 lb. The United States is offering, among others, the Lockheed Super Hercules, with a slightly smaller payload but a yet longer range. And one of the most radical all-freight designs is from Canada, the Canadair CL 44. This is the first aircraft in the world to be fitted with a "swing tail": the whole tail section is hinged and swings open sideways to allow 32½ tons of freight to be loaded through the rear end of the fuselage. The CL 44 will be able to fly the Atlantic at more than 400 miles an hour.

Aircraft such as these may make possible dramatic reductions in air freight costs—which are what is needed if shippers are to be persuaded to take this seriously except for goods of very high value or for deliveries where delay would be more costly than getting them there quickly. With the Super-Constellation, reckoned to be the most efficient long-distance freighter in the world to-day, direct operating costs are still about 9 cents a ton-mile, and the prices it has to charge are still probably twice as high as express shipping costs across the Atlantic; but Seaboard and Western, the American all-freight airline that runs services across the Atlantic has five of the Canadair freighters on order and hopes that it will be able to offer the shipper a total price of no more than 10 cents a ton-mile, counting in all overheads.

Unloading a B.O.A.C. DC-7 freighter aircraft at London airport

The saving these new aircraft should offer should be not only in flying costs; their main advantage is expected to be simply in ease of loading, which will speed up "turn-round" and enable them to be used more intensively. At present, it takes about four hours to load 17½ tons of freight into an aircraft and three hours to get it out; with the Canadair it is hoped to cut loading and unloading times to less than 20 minutes. Aircraft such as this one, or the "swing-nose" version of the Vickers VC-10 that is promised, will require mechanisation of freight handling for full use to be made of their potential efficiency. But the potential rewards are considerable. Already aircraft manufacturers are postulating cargo aircraft with a possible capacity of about 100 tons; this may not seem very big, but over a year it would be able to perform more cargo movement than a large ocean-going cargo ship.

The arguments in Paris tended to be polarised between operators who wanted to develop large-scale all-freight services quickly by giving whacking reductions for the largest loads, and the others who wanted to simplify and reduce rates, but to spread the reductions more evenly, and give the best rates for all loads over a ton. This would suit the hold of the average passenger jet; it might also, airlines such as B.O.A.C. believe, promote traffic more generally than confining the best rates only to exceptionally big loads or to agencies that could consolidate cargo into big loads. It seems likely, given the history and circumstances of this industry, that some agreement will eventually be patched up with the assistance or pressure of the governments concerned—though the interests concerned may diverge rather more than those of airlines supplying passenger service ever have. What is certain, is a sizeable cut, in one way or another, in the cost of sending cargo by air; perhaps this, finally, will achieve that break-through that has been prophesied so often.

Final touches are made to a National-Elliott 803 computer. Extensive use of transistors and printed circuits enables the computer to be small compared with the tasks it undertakes and rugged enough to be shipped from the factory ready to plug into the mains. It takes about half an hour to install. The 803 computers have been delivered by road to Moscow, Brno and Zurich, and have been ordered for use in the U.S., where several are employed in controlling industrial plants

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Borehamwood factory of Elliott–Automation Ltd.

One of the most influential developments of the post-war years in industry has been the rapid and all-embracing growth of automation. During this period, Mr. Leon Bagrit, first as managing director of Elliott Brothers and then as managing director of the merged Elliott Brothers and Associated Automation, has built up a group of 60 companies and divisions, the largest in the world wholly devoted to the introduction of automation over the whole field of industry. In 1949, Elliotts employed 650 people; to-day Elliott-Automation employs over 12,000 in Britain with another 4,000 overseas. Its four control-valve companies at Rochester are the largest suppliers of control valves outside the U.S.: its Computing Division supplied 42 per cent. of the computers sold in Britain in 1960: and, interesting to note in these days of publicity for export drives, over one-third of its industrial process control equipment is dispatched to countries all over the world.

Two of the twenty-one factories in the group have been photographed on these four pages. At Borehamwood, about 800 scientists and engineers are engaged in developing new techniques and equipment for automation. Two years ago, a new building, providing 100,000 sq. ft. of laboratory and office space, was added to the pre-war factory, built as part of the Shadow Factory Scheme of the 1930's. Since it was taken

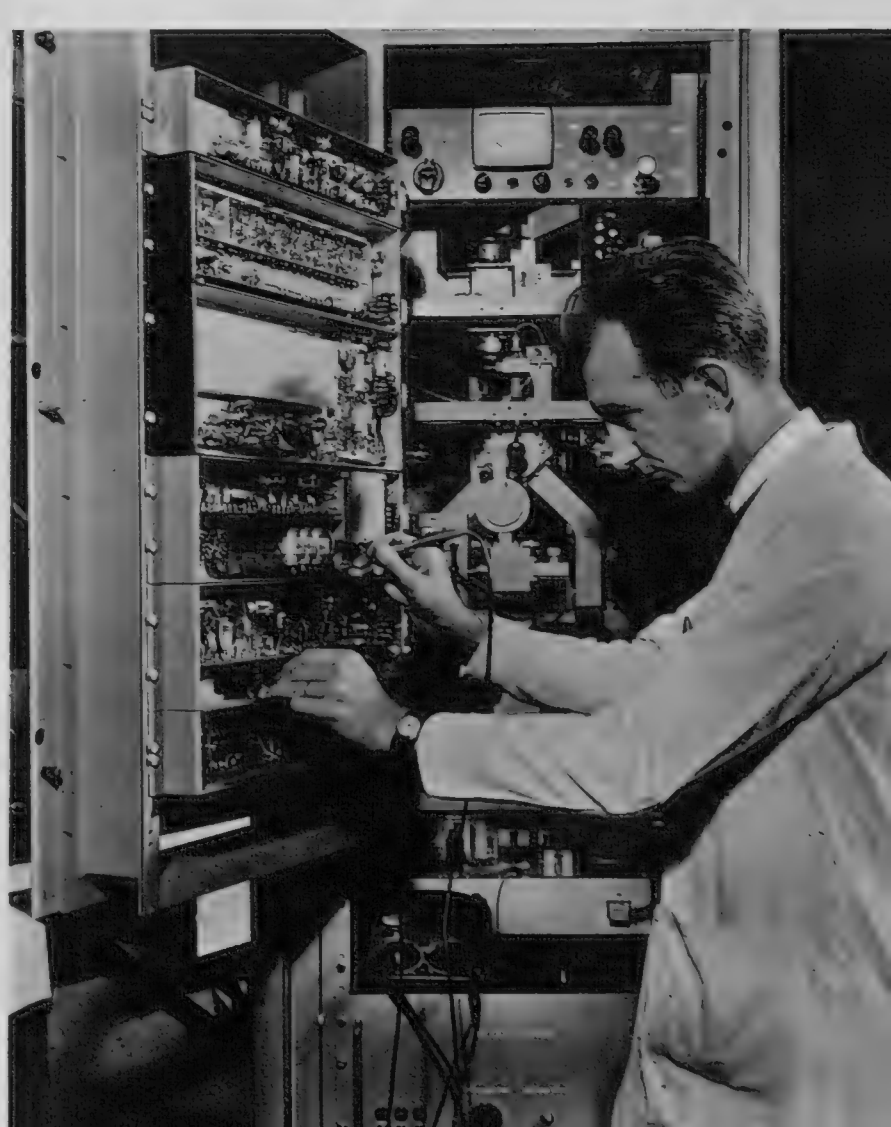
A specially developed microwave valve is sealed in the workshops of the Electronic Valve Division. Microwave telecommunications links must operate without failure and call for new and extremely reliable components. For these vacuum processes have been developed which have a wide application in other fields of industry

Conditions of an aircraft in flight are simulated on a computer during the engineering and development of the autopilot for the Vickers VC10 jet airliner, which will be one of the first airliners equipped with blind-landing facilities. Automation is being increasingly employed in aircraft flight control systems—the only approved integrated flight control system for supersonic aircraft to be manufactured in Europe was developed by Elliotts and is now in production

over in 1946 the number employed there has grown to more than 2,000. In 1951, the first Elliott computer was made at Borehamwood: this year manufacture may rise to one computer being turned out every 2½ days. This rate of growth is also reflected at the Rochester factory, built in the early 1930's by Shorts for the construction of the Scylla (the land version of the Kent flying boat). During the war the Stirling four-engined bomber was built there. After the war, the factory was let to a number of firms. Elliotts took over part on the undertaking that employment would be given to 500 people. To-day the Company employs over 2,500 and work has just started on the building of a new 450,000-sq.-ft. factory to house another 2,000.

Automation is a subject which it is impossible to define precisely because it embraces such a wide field of engineering processes. But in any automation system there must be five elements: accurate measurement, to provide control; transmission of the measurements to a central point; consideration of the information and decision-making; transmission of that decision; and conversion of the decision into action. Each of these calls for the use of a wide range of techniques and may require any of hundreds of different types of instrument. For instance, transmission of information may call for the use of electrical signals, electronics (including radio and radar), hydraulics, pneumatics, mechanics, electro-mechanics or visual systems, over distances ranging from a fraction of an inch to the hundreds of thousands of miles involved in space projects.

(*Continued on following pages*)



Right: Making adjustments to a microwave telemetry terminal station, part of the link between a remote plant and the control centre of an automation system. Information must be transmitted to a central controlling station—sometimes over long distances—in such a system. In the terminal station the essential components are duplicated so that they can be automatically switched in the case of failure

Components are given a finish to an accuracy which can only be measured optically—the tolerance is to within half the wave-length of yellow light. Reliability and precision are prime requirements of automation

A Fisher automatic blending unit is prepared before being dispatched from the factory of the Fisher Governor Company to a remote oil bunkering station in South America. There it will accurately control the blending of fuel oil for ships. The oil and chemical industries are among the principal users of automation. By using equipment to blend liquids such as oil and petrol at the time of delivery to ships, costly and unsightly storage tanks can be dispensed with

(Continued from previous page)

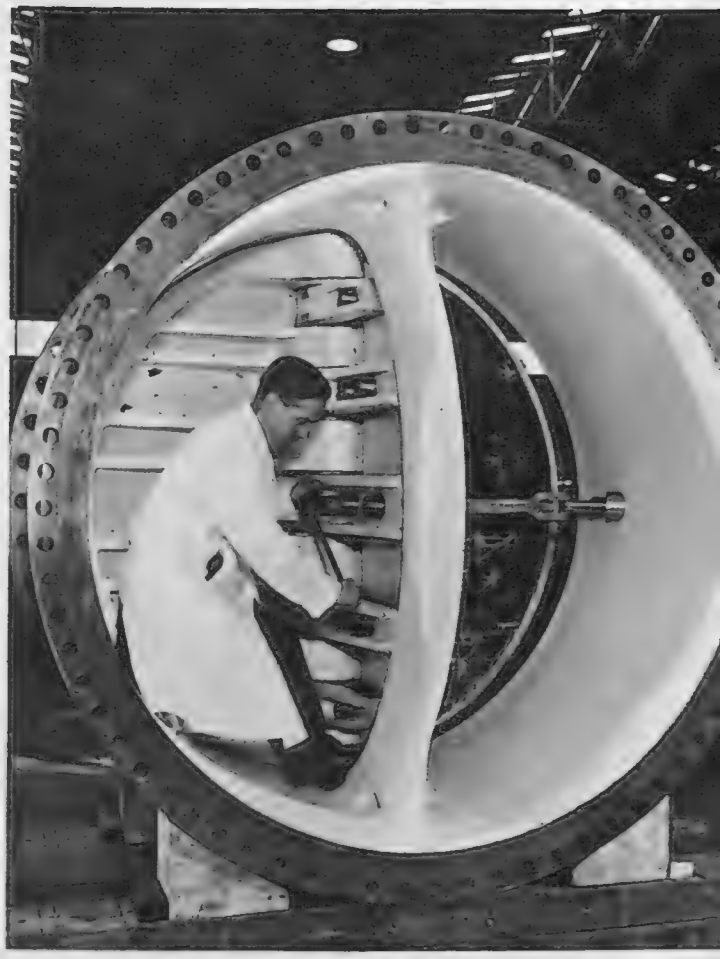
Decision-taking may be a simple response or may need an electronic computer. Whatever form the decision-making device may take, its output must be a positive decision, which can be sent out to initiate a control action through an actuator. These actuators may take hundreds of forms, from automatic control valves, used in thousands in the oil and chemical industries, to the mechanism controlling the elevator in a jet aircraft.

Each of the companies and divisions of the Group specialises in one of the many aspects of automation. One line of development of great import to the general public, especially the travelling public, is the work of the Transport Aircraft Controls Division in providing the complete duplicated autopilot system for the new Vickers VC10 airliner. This includes automatic landing equipment of an extremely advanced nature.

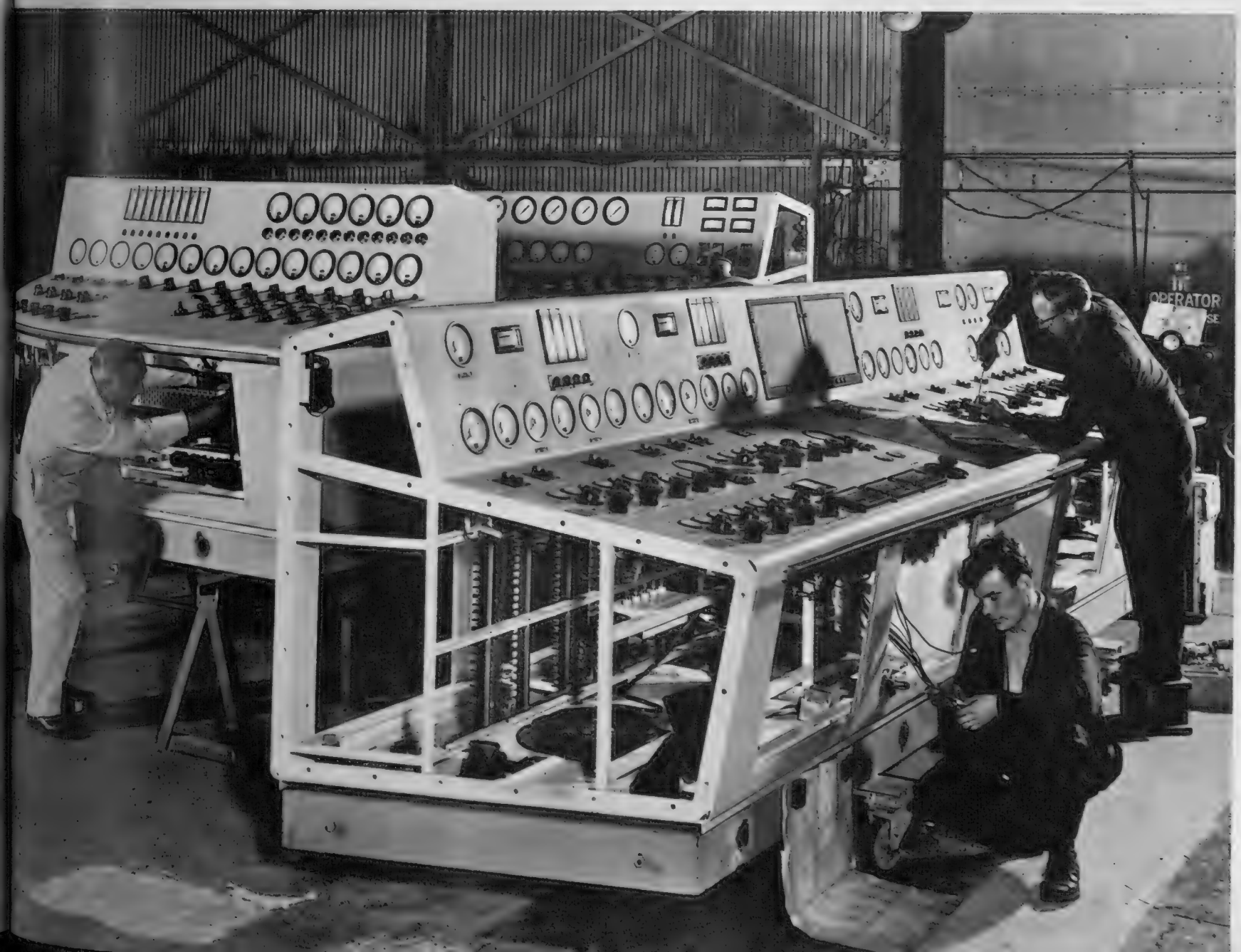
BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Rochester factory of Elliott-Automation

Right: Control panels for the new Northfleet Power Station of the Central Electricity Generating Board. The design and layout of such panels necessitates great care. Emergency switches and controls have to be placed near the appropriate display and recording instruments and the design has to take into account the sequence of events and problems of time and motion. The designer must be able to inter-relate electrical, electronic, hydraulic, pneumatic and mechanical means of control: all or any of these techniques may be used



The largest valve so far made in the factory of one of the Group's subsidiaries, James Gordon Valves Ltd. Control in the automation of continuous processes is achieved by means of such valves. This one will provide a shut-off of air against a total load of over 570 tons pressure against the face of the vane



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

ROAD WORKS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"This is the story of a great adventure: an adventure probably unparalleled in the history of civil engineering in these islands for over 100 years." This was how Mr. Harold Watkinson, now Minister of Defence, described when he was Minister of Transport the booklet that John Laing and Son produced on the making of the M1, Britain's first major motorway. It was, of course, an exciting project that Laing had undertaken and the company still talks about it rather as a combat-scarred battalion recalls its most bloody yet successful battle. It was a £16,000,000 contract, the biggest ever placed with one firm in Britain. The award was formally made by the Minister on January 20, 1958, and on March 24, at the hamlet of Slip End, near Luton, Mr. Watkinson pressed a button that sounded a klaxon that summoned to action over 53 miles of route the greatest concentration of mechanical power ever before mustered on one contract. Nineteen months later the M1, linking London and Birmingham, was opened to traffic.

The road building programme has, of course, brought work to most of the other road making companies which have been tendering keenly. So sharp has competition become that it is openly admitted that a number of contracts have been completed at a loss. Certainly, John Laing's rewards for building the M1 can better be measured in terms of prestige, experience and satisfaction than in hard cash. Sir George Burt, chairman of John Mowlem and Co., has spoken of "very keen tendering for public works" and has expressed a hope for "competitive work on more favourable terms." Mr. H. W. Wilkinson, chairman of Val de Travers Asphalte Ltd. said his company "still awaits the return of fair prices."

Nevertheless, there has been eager tendering again for several of the big contracts for 1961, many of which have not yet been awarded and there is a good deal of understandable tension among the companies concerned pending the Minister's decisions. Total spending on roads is expected to rise to about £125,000,000 a year of which about £75,000,000 will come from the Government and the balance from local authorities concerned. Maintenance spending will also rise over the coming years to an estimated level of between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000 a year. Contracts now being awarded are for about 400 miles of new roads, involving £180,000,000. There is a 26-mile stretch of the M6 between Warrington and the Preston By-pass and a further 15-mile stretch in North Cheshire; the 26-mile M2 in Kent and the first part of the Severn Bridge construction; and work will be in progress this summer on extensions to the M1 in Staffordshire, Cheshire and South Lancashire which will eventually mean a 250-mile motorway running from London to Penrith.

The road builders fall into three main groups—the contractors, the suppliers of materials and the makers of road building equipment. Some contractors are able to do everything from the preliminary excavating to the final surfacing; others rely on specialist firms to carry out asphalting. Few of the big contracting groups, however, have many eggs in the road basket, the major part of their work consisting of office and flat building schemes, power stations, dams, reservoirs and so forth. For example, the George Cohen 600 Group supplies road making equipment but by far the more important side of its activities is engineering and metal merchanting. The names of many of the contractors are familiar to the public through boards at the scene of their work—John Mowlem, A. Monk, Tarmac, Wimpey, Limmer and Trinidad, etc.

John Laing's present commitments in the road programme are the M6 in Staffordshire, due to be completed early in 1963; by-pass roads in Yorkshire and Nottingham; five miles of "dualling" on the A1 north of Mill Hill and a fly-over at South Mimms. Among its overseas jobs it is building 14 miles of the trans-Canada road in the Rockies. Tarmac, whose name is synonymous with road surfaces, is a major supplier of road-stone and asphalt and is a contracting group as well. It built the St. Albans by-pass approach to the M1 and was awarded the Ross Spur contract, including responsibility for the landscaping of verges and centre islands. It is at present engaged on the South Mimms by-pass and other fast roads at Hemel Hempstead, Coventry and outer London. Net profits have risen steadily since 1952, except for a slight setback in 1957, and certainly exceeded £600,000 last year, a record for the company. An increase in the rate of dividend is a strong possibility.

John Mowlem, which is busy at present on road widening and improving schemes in the London area, had a record year in 1959 and a new record was no doubt established in 1960. It has been awarded a £4,000,000 road contract in Kenya. George Wimpey, best known for its big housing estates, shipyard and factory building, also produces asphalt and has carried out many road surfacing contracts. It built the Edinburgh heated road in 1959, as well as several by-passes and is at present engaged on four miles of the A1 near Doncaster.

Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt secured the surfacing contract for nearly 28 miles of the Birmingham-Bristol motorway and the chairman, Sir John Hawthorn Hall, has recently indicated that 1960 was a fine year for the company. Among other sound companies engaged in supplying materials for the road programme are Amalgamated Road-stone, Aveling-Barford, Eastwoods and Redland Holdings. All are likely to be fully engaged in the forseeable future.

The Norman staircase leads to the Library in the old monastic buildings of King's School, Canterbury. This claims to be the oldest public school in the country

WILL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS SURVIVE?

(*Continued from page 337*)

practice might well be extended to the public schools without injuring the public conscience, and so broaden entry a little. But it would hardly solve the problem.

Paradoxically the difficulty may be eased by the fact that the public schools no longer provide the only route to the best jobs. By improving the alternative—better State secondary education and more university accommodation, all of which is already in process—it may be possible in time to render the public schools less privileged and therefore less vulnerable. But social prejudices cannot be abolished by a wave of the wand. As, however, the public schools provide proportionately fewer of the nation's elite, so may their social *cachet* diminish. A new snobbery may well arise among the scientists and technocrats of to-morrow, and only technical education be regarded as U, wherever obtained. That is a guess, but not impossible.

To conclude. So long as they live up to their ideals, the public schools are likely to keep their numbers up, but support will probably come not from the Government but from private people, as in the past. There is no easy way round that. However, despite their privileged position, they are unlikely to be oppressed by the State, *so long as they show willingness to open their doors.* This, of course, they are trying to do, but present difficulties should not serve as an excuse to close them again. There are other possibilities. For example, the idea suggested by A. D. C. Peterson (Director of the Department of Education at Oxford), in a recent article in *The Observer*, whereby some of the public schools might be turned into "liberal arts colleges," to help relieve the pressure on university-type education.

If, however, they wish to make common cause with the State system at an earlier stage, then they should enquire into their relationship with primary and preparatory schools, and agree first of all about the age of entry. At present primary school children leave at eleven plus, preparatory at twelve to thirteen—an obvious discrepancy. Why not agree on twelve for both, so that at least all handicaps of age are removed before tackling the question of fees again, possibly in a new way? Moreover, for economic reasons, many parents who can afford only the public school are using the primary school for this early stage. The theory is also gaining ground which favours keeping young children at day school, in the belief that this strengthens home influence when most needed, and—in the case of a primary school—that social mixing at this age does good. Might not this be the next step?

Correspondence is invited for publication regarding the two articles (the first of which appeared last week) by Victor Bonham-Carter on the Public Schools. The views of teachers, parents, pupils, all interested in education, will be welcomed. Please address letters to: The Editor, "The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

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GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

Great professionals of the kitchen seldom write great books these days. Antonin Carême, Eustache Ude, Alexis Soyer have no doubt worthy successors in our important kitchens to-day, but there is no comparison between the literary efforts of our contemporaries and the classics of culinary literature of the early nineteenth century. Too many books on cookery nowadays are flashy, superficial, preoccupied—to my mind, too much—with the "short cuts," which in the long run cannot be anything but detrimental to overall quality. Often they accept substitutes developed in days of austerity, which are unfortunate in this age of relative plenty. Their authors, probably aware of huge markets for such works in the world of bed-sitter-gas ring "epicures," help to perpetuate the second-rate and the shoddy in the kitchen.

In this Sahara of dreariness ROYAL MENUS, by René Roussin (Hammond, Hammond and Co. Ltd. 42s.), can be welcomed as a lush, green oasis. Its author was *chef-de-cuisine* to the late King George VI. He tackles the job of writing about his work with a brisk, precise professional expertise. It is a dual purpose book. The first half consists of eighteen menus, twelve of which have actually been served at the Palace, some of them on important state occasions, and include a traditional Christmas dinner, "*à l'anglaise*," as M. Roussin puts it. The recipe for each dish is given in painstaking detail, with nothing taken for granted, as so often is done in books by great experts. The same treatment is given to the remaining six menus, "designed for comparatively informal meals, each for six persons. They are composed of dishes of the kind I was accustomed to prepare for the Royal Family when they lunched or dined *en famille*, when it was not their habit to eat long or complicated meals." In other words, just the sort of meal that you or I would want to give our own friends in our own homes. I only wish there had been room to include more of these. On the strength of this first part alone *Royal Menus* deserves to become a classic. It is not only a document of social history recording the standard of entertaining at the highest table in the land, but it is equally an outstanding example of the most difficult and most creative part of the great chef's art, that of composing perfectly balanced menus, elaborate or simple.

Not satisfied with this, we are given a second part which elevates this book into the realm of the most important and useful textbooks on the fundamentals of *haute cuisine*. With the same impeccable lucidity and precision as used in the recipes of the first part we are treated to a complete summary of *Les Bases de Cuisine*. It embraces all the basic essentials without which no classic dishes and preparations could exist: Stocks, consommés, sauces, farces, garnishes, various cooking methods, pastry mixtures, sweets, ices are all given in detail such as I cannot remember having seen in any book published in English before. If you are a master of all that is described in the second part of *Royal Menus*, you should have no difficulty with the most advanced dishes of *haute cuisine*.

I have no doubt at all that this book will rank among the classics of gastronomic literature, a worthy successor to those past masters I have mentioned at the beginning of this article.

I hear from a friend in the wine trade—he is a member of one of the best-known shippers of German wines—that the final estimate of last year's crop of Hocks and Moselles has now been finally established as nearly 7,500,000 hectolitres, a quantity which is an all-time record. The quality, on the other hand, as far as can be ascertained at this stage, is approximately on the same level as that of 1957 and 1958; the average specific gravity is about the same and acidity is normal in proportion. Final judgment of the 1960 vintage will not be possible for a while yet. The chance of a proper survey is further delayed this year as a result of the exceptionally large quantities to be handled by the growers, some of whom have fallen behind with their "racking," and this retards the development of the wine. So far, the weather has been most favourable in the vineyards, with only minor and few frosts which have not had any adverse effect on the work of cultivation for the next vintage.

In contrast, production in the Bordeaux area was about average last year, but owing to two previous bad years, there is a shortage of good quality wines, even young ones. Demand being far greater than supply of the best wines, we can expect the prices to rise in the near future. My latest news from there confirms this. I am told that sales "*sur souches*" of good classified growths of the Médoc have taken place already, at high prices. These deals are a certain indication of the acute shortage, considering that at this time there are not even buds on the vines! I gather that transactions in the wines of the leading growths of Bordeaux have never before been recorded so many months before a vintage.

The Rhône valley reports better news; the crop was large and the quality of the 1960 vintage is promising. These wines, without being fully mature, are full of fruit and very pleasant. This applies equally to the Côtes du Rhône and includes Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

From another friend, who specialises in shipping Alsace wines, I hear that the quality of the cheaper 1960 wines will be good. But the nobler ones, such as Gewürztraminer, are likely to be somewhat disappointing, especially in comparison with the magnificent 1959's. They lack the same fruitiness, charm or softness and may have rather too much acidity.

A man is known by the company he keeps

The Cigar : H. Upmann Havana.

A host is known by the brandy he serves

To serve your guests an indifferent brandy is more insult than compliment. The correct thing to serve after meals is a cognac of liqueur quality. This is why the perfect host gladly pays that little bit more for a really fine liqueur brandy like Remy-Martin. A genuine Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac. A brandy defined by French law as *Fine Champagne* because it is made exclusively from grapes grown in the two finest districts of Cognac. And it is reassuring to remember that Remy Martin make *nothing* less good.

PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

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MOTORING

WRITTEN-OFF WRECKS

And the Monte Carlo winning car and other items

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Insurance companies have a vested interest in road safety and I am surprised by their attitude to the question of written-off car wrecks: cars so badly damaged in road accidents that the insurance companies decide they are not worth repairing. The insurers have just come under a new attack on this subject and I find their buck-passing attitude a little disturbing. They say, in effect: " Once we have sold the wreck it is no longer any concern of ours. If the car is patched up and put back on the road in a dangerous condition it is not our responsibility. We think the whole business has been grossly exaggerated. If we are wrong it is surely up to the Government to take action. They could, for instance, demand the immediate surrender of the log books of all cars written off by insurance companies and insist on all parts of the car being made unusable by even the most unscrupulous car dealer."

One insurance chief pointed out that the money received for written-off wrecks helps the motorist by keeping down insurance premiums, but that struck me as being beside the point. Another said, with some truth, that in these days of integral construction it is easier to rebuild a wrecked car safely than when most cars had chassis frames. " A salvage dealer can either break up a written-off car and sell undamaged components separately or buy a complete new body shell," he said. It looks to me as if the regulations governing this sort of thing need tightening up. We may hear something more on this subject soon, for a Hertfordshire dealer feels so strongly about it that he has written not only to Mr. Ernest Marples and the President of the Board of Trade, but also to Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal leader.

Readers have been asking what sort of a car is this Panhard which won the Monte Carlo Rally so decisively? Like the British Motor Corporation's 848-c.c. " minnies," this 851-c.c. French car drives its front wheels, but after that their specifications differ enormously. The engine is an over-square, air-cooled, horizontally-opposed twin with the gear-box mounted behind it, whereas the transverse B.M.C. engine incorporates the gear-box in the sump. The Panhard looks a big car and is, in fact, a roomy four-seater, with four doors and an enormous boot. The British " minnies " look tiny by comparison and have a relatively small luggage boot, yet the passenger space for four people is deceptively generous.

The Panhard has a high top gear and when wound up on M1 or on one of the *routes nationales* in its native country, it cruises effortlessly at incredibly high speeds for a car with such a small engine. Roadholding and cornering are of a high order and in gusty weather the Panhard is as steady as a rock. In Great Britain the Panhard PL17 costs £633, increased by tax to £898. The old-established firm which builds it is now part of the Citroen organisation, France's second biggest car manufacturers, and U.K. sales are controlled from the Citroen plant on the Slough Trading Estate.

The PL17 is a fascinating car to drive because it is so different from British models. Its distinctive personality extends even to small design features. I have space to mention only two of them. One is the provision of a battery master switch to isolate the battery completely from the car's electrical system. It is an anti-theft measure, reduces fire risks and removes the possibility of accidental drainage of the battery by leaving the radio or sidelights switched on.

The other feature which took my fancy (though I think it is rather too ingenious) is the multi-way light switch: a short stalk on the steering column which you move up or down, to operate the trafficators. You control the lights by moving it fore and aft in conjunction with a knob at the end of the stalk. Like this: With the knob turned to the " town " position you move the lever forward to switch on the sidelights. Pull it back and you get the use of your headlights in the dipped position. Now step on your dip-switch on the floor and you get *full* beam. With the knob in the " open road " position you move the lever backwards to get dipped headlights, forward to get high beam (which the foot dip-switch now controls in the ordinary way). And I haven't finished yet. This mechanical one-man-band also incorporates the horn. Push the knob gently and you get a delicate note for town use. Push it harder and you blast even French *camions* drivers into recognition of the fact that you want to pass.

The Mo-tent is a collapsible trailer which opens out to form a tent sleeping two. Its cost is £158

Motorised caravans and collapsible caravans for towing by even low-powered cars are growing in popularity. The design variations in both fields are almost infinite. From the Lambretta-Trojan Group comes yet another suggestion for easy, comfortable, open-air sleeping to make motorists independent of hotels and cut their holiday costs. They call it the Tro-tent. It is a contraption carried on the roof of the car. Within two minutes after stopping it can be converted into a roof-top tent for two people, with foam rubber mattress and a specially designed, lightweight ladder. The Tro-tent costs £39 10s.

From Tro-tent to Mo-tent. The latter is the name of a collapsible plastic-bodied trailer which, when opened out, offers sleeping accommodation for two people. It weighs only 4½ cwt. and when on tow is only 2 ft. 8 ins. high. The driver of the tug car can see behind him over the top of his little trailer. The trailer lid is hinged at one side and is raised to form one side of the " roof." A stout canvas sheet, attached to the lid, forms the other half. The Mo-tent is made by Rudman, Darlington and Co., Ltd., of Wednesfield, Staffs. It costs £158.

Other well-designed collapsible trailers include the Chateau-mobile which costs £295, is made of aluminium and wood, sleeps two people in berths and two more on the floor, and is 2 ft. 9 ins. high when on tow.

The Tro-tent, for two, fitted on the roof. Cost £39 10s.

While on the subject of holiday gear, let me briefly commend the following: (1) The 1961 edition of the B.P. touring service which costs 7s. 6d. and includes an international travel log for children, an excellent touring guide to Europe, tokens with which to get maps and souvenirs in thirteen foreign countries, a foreign language phrase book and a milometer for measuring distances on maps.

The juvenile travel log is great fun. It looks like a passport, has a space for the holder's photograph and personal details, pages in which to get B.P. garage men on the Continent to put their stamp, and room for the names of " People I have met " and " Foreign words I have learnt." There are sketches of policemen's uniforms in different countries, maps on which to mark towns stopped at, big rivers crossed and high mountains spotted. Space is provided in which to keep a log of journeys made and pages are reserved for such notes as " The strangest food I ate," " The biggest hotel I stayed in " and " The most beautiful view I saw." There is even a section in which to stick foreign stamps, autostrade tickets and similar souvenirs. At the end of his holiday the child applies for an official Junior Tourist badge. After that he becomes entitled to a bar bearing the name of every country he later visits. These are clipped onto the badge.

(2) The 1961 Shell touring service, which you get free on sending a postcard obtainable at any Shell station. The service includes useful maps which can be supplemented on request at any of more than 1,000 Shell stations on the Continent.

(3) The 1961 edition of Victor Britain's gastronomic guide, *Dine and Drive Through Britain*. This is a free map on which are marked 400 recommended eating-places and towns where twenty-four-hour petrol service is available.

(4) The new Dunlop touring atlas of the British Isles. An index makes it easy to find your way about any of the thirty maps, on which every motorway and by-pass, built or planned, is clearly marked. Price of the atlas has been reduced to 7s. 6d.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES, for the most part, try to efface themselves when on holiday. Rather than select hotels where one is expected to dress up, they choose hide-outs where no one concerns themselves with what they wear, or who they are.

I recall the case of an eminent judge, who some years back invoked my aid as to where he and his wife could spend their vacation—" some unspoilt quiet place in the country, where there are some good walks."

I recommended him to the small *Woodcote Hotel*, DULVERTON, where the then owner paled at the thought of having to do justice to anyone so distinguished, but I assured her that, divested of his wig and robes, he was a most natural and interesting personality. And so he proved. Each day, dressed in shorts and an open shirt, and his wife dressed in an old skirt and ancient raincoat, they were to be seen, arm-in-arm, strolling along the Barle valley, mingling with onlookers at local meets of the staghounds, both relishing in their freedom from legal and social routine.

To others like-minded, DULVERTON, on the edge of Exmoor, still makes a most admirable base, and especially for those whose outdoor interests extend to salmon and trout fishing, hacking and hunting.

The small *Woodcote Hotel*, now under the personal direction of Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Elmes, can still be recommended, as also can the near ninety-year-old *Carnarvon Arms* which, of recent years, has, under the ownership of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Howells, resumed its former note as one of the best sporting hotels in the West Country. Fishermen in particular should note that the *Carnarvon Arms* has extensive salmon and trout fishing rights on the rivers Exe and Barle.

The Archbishop-elect of Canterbury is, I understand, a great walker and one of his favourite hide-outs is an inn in Devon. This reminded me that one of his predecessors at York was similarly minded, and when a holiday was in his thoughts, BUTTERMERE in Lakeland had for him a mellow nostalgic ring. Situated in one of the more unspoilt and beautiful Lakeland valleys, the *Bridge Hotel* there, under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Twitchen, has a great attraction for professional folk who seek a small country hotel where fishermen and fell walkers congregate of an evening in the conviviality of the hotel bar. Without any pretence of luxury or *haute-cuisine*, the Twitchens, a congenial and energetic couple, provide honest-to-goodness country fare, simple comfortable bedrooms and a quiet night's sleep.

I have often noted how those connected with the theatre seek, when on tour, some quiet hotel outside the centre in which they are billed to appear, rather than stay in the big city hotel.

One distinguished actor sent me an omnibus request for quietly situated hotels within twenty miles of Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. A little research work in the current edition of " Let 's Halt Awhile " revealed the following:—

Bristol area—I was favourably surprised at the wide choice—BATH (thirteen miles only) *Lansdown Grove Hotel*, the *Francis* (Trust House), and *Pratts*. BERKELEY (twenty miles), the *Berkeley Arms Hotel*. This small township lies off the A38 Bristol/Gloucester road, and bird-watchers should note it is only six miles from the Severn Wild Fowl Trust, at Slimbridge. WELLS (twenty miles), *The Crown* or *Star* Hotels, or one of the most tranquil and photogenic spots in Britain, the *Castle Inn, Castle Combe* (only five bedrooms and mind the beams !).

Edinburgh area—*Braid Hills Hotel*—ten minutes car ride from Princes Street, and set back and above the road, seven minutes only from Braid Hills golf course. The *Norton Hotel*, NEWBRIDGE, nine miles out and three miles from Turnhouse Airport. A half-mile approach drive and twenty-four acres of grounds is the key-note to seclusion.

Glasgow area—I was nearly stumped over this section of the enquiry and my recommendation, a good one, was confined to DRYMEN (eighteen miles), the *Buchanan Arms*, a justifiably popular thirty-bedroom hotel where both accommodation and restaurant reservations should be made well ahead.

Leeds area—With Harrogate but sixteen miles, quiet hotel accommodation presents no difficulty. Recommended hotels—*Cairn* (Trust House), *Old Swan*, *Russell* and *Studley*. Alternative suggestion: ILKLEY (sixteen miles), *Craiglands Hotel*.

Liverpool area—On the outskirts of the city the quietly situated *Alexandra Court Hotel* (postal address: Alexandra Drive, Aigburth, Liverpool, 17). BIRKENHEAD, the seventeen-bedroom *Riverhill Hotel*, Talbot Road, or for more sumptuous and completely countrified surrounds—*Craxton Wood* Country Club at LEDSHAM, only eleven miles from Liverpool, via the tunnel, and seven miles from Chester. A most attractive and surprising find.

Manchester area—I have no personal recommendation as yet within comfortable motoring reach after an evening theatre, and if any readers can throw light on this problem, I would welcome their suggestions. Places that occur to me are Alderley Edge in Cheshire (fourteen miles), Wilmslow (twelve), Prestbury (15), where the *Bridge Hotel* and *Restaurant* is excellent, but bedroom accommodation is limited to one double and four single rooms; prior reservations both for restaurant and bedrooms are essential.

Birmingham area—Here we are on easier territory. There is no need to go outside the city environs, unless one wishes. In Hagley Road, EDGBASTON, will be found *The Cobden* and *Norfolk* Hotels, both under the same direction and the smaller *Lambert Court Hotel*. As these are most likely to be full from Monday to Thursday nights without prior reservations, consider the following farther afield—LEAMINGTON SPA (twenty-four miles), the *Spa Hotel;* RUGBY (twenty miles), *The Grand;* DROITWICH (twenty miles), *Chateau Impney* and *Worcestershire* Hotels; STRATFORD-ON-AVON (twenty-four miles), *The Swan's Nest* and *Welcombe* Hotels.

Doubtless with more intensive research work, I could have added to the answers of the quest for comparatively quiet hide-outs by those on vacation or planning vacations.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

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There is every form of holiday enjoyment—dancing, water ski-ing direct from the hotel, tennis, golf nearby—or just a laze on the sandy beach. Cocktail bar, sun lounge, gay restaurant and many private bathrooms. Re-opens Easter. Early reservations essential. Weekly terms 12/22 gns.
Write R. H. Colley, Resident Proprietor, or telephone South 1.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine: fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Putting, Swimming-pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LONDON, W.2. LEINSTER GARDENS. LEINSTER COURT
A quiet, friendly hotel for overseas, provincial and business visitors. Close Hyde Park and Oxford Street. Tel.: Paddington 6088.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill Room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel.: 6245.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. TREVALSA COURT HOTEL
on the outskirts of a famous fishing village. Magnificent coastal scenery, a pleasant garden, comfort, warmth and quality food. Tel.: 2168.

ST. MAWES, S. Cornwall. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and first-class in a sub-tropical garden setting overlooking sea. Excellent food and service. Club Bar. Open now. Tel.: 322.

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First class, fine sea-front position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

SKELMORLIE, Ayrshire. MANOR PARK HOTEL
YOUR SCOTTISH HOLIDAY—visit Ayrshire this year and stay at Manor Park Hotel. Beautiful situation and grounds overlooking the finest panoramic scenery in the Firth of Clyde. High standard of service and cuisine with a luxury note that will appeal to the discriminating. Tel.: Wemyss Bay 3232.

FOR MEN ONLY
No woman minds unpacking presents, but all hate packing, unpacking, packing and unpacking clothes day after day. Should you, therefore, be contemplating a motoring holiday in Devon this spring, be well advised and make your base at
THE GRAND, TORQUAY
a good centre for the Devon Coast, the Dart and Dartmoor. Here Madam will be in her element. Full-length hanging space for frocks, all the room in the world for her creams and lotions, lighting in the right place and plenty of opportunity for being a credit to you. As we get very busy in spring, do please write us now. Tariff with pleasure from the Resident Manager. Tel.: 25234.
Always a good address whatever the season.

SENIOR SERVICE
Satisfy

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Vice-President: Society of Marine Artists

FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY
H.M.S. RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh was himself an accomplished navigator and on one of his cruises formally took possession of Virginia, an incidental result of this being the introduction of tobacco into England. His name has been preserved in the Navy down to the present day. Illustrated here on a famous occasion in 1899 is the ship-rigged steam frigate H.M.S. RALEIGH leading the last squadron of the Royal Navy ever to put to sea under sail, consisting of Volage, Champion and Cleopatra. They are shown "chasing to leeward with stunsails set alow and aloft".

WELL MADE
WELL PACKED